Crocodile Tears

by Intern15_NightVale

Summary

It was an accident! If it was anyone's fault, the blame landed on Hermione. He never expected to be transported back to 1943, two years before the fall of Grindelwald and when Tom Riddle was gaining his following. He certainly never meant to adopt a magical breed of crocodile, so much for living under the radar.

Notes

I have no idea why I wrote this, it just came to be when watching a show, and I really just wanted to see Harry with a pet crocodile. Don't ask me why. I can't promise regular updates on this, but that's nothing new. I do NOT own Harry Potter. Kudos or Comments are welcome!
Murphy's Law

Today was not Harry's day and he thought perhaps he should have stayed in bed. Maybe his life would have been easier if he had stayed as an Auror. He remembered the surprise of many as he quit right before he was initiated in. He had one of the highest ranking scores, but he had always had good reflexes. Battling a bloody Dark Lord for all of his childhood did that. He remembered Ron's outrage; well everyone was angry back then. The arguments had been heated and words were thrown around that cut like knives.

“We've always wanted this Harry!”

He saw as Ron's face matched the color of his hair. He was tired of yelling and tired of explaining himself for all of his actions. “Enough Ron! I don't have to explain myself! All my life I've been explaining myself. Always doing what everyone expects me to do, be the perfect little ‘Light’ savior they needed me to be! I will do whatever the bloody hell I feel like, it is my life!”

Realization struck Ron, and Hermione gave her boyfriend a glare. She had actually been the only one with common sense to sit down with Harry and talk. She was excited to hear he wanted to learn, to finally focus on being diverse in knowledge. She knew he had been denied a proper education and purposely sabotaged. Harry had told her training to be an Auror had showed him a lot he had been lacking. He had needed Hermione’s help with potions, and there was extensive studying done on magical plants and creatures. Healing had also been something he needed to know in his career and lacked a lot in, he usually relied on Hermione to stitch him together.

Harry had grown up and she really hoped Ron would to before his immaturity cost him.

Harry remembered as he dove into studying with the guidance of Hermione, he still knew no one else like her who made extensive and precise schedules. He dove into doing martial arts and muggle first aid healing, potion mastery, creature handling and identification, herbs and poisonous plants. Healing had always been shit for him but he wouldn't die if he ever got injured.

After becoming adequate he had decided to experiment with magical artifacts, in retrospect he should have known better. Yet he couldn't help himself, since the reemergence of the Death Wand and the Resurrection stone at his bedside he needed to find out about myth and lore.

Not even Hermione knew about his experimentation with the Deathly Hallows and if she did she would have beat him over the head.

Hermione had asked him for a favor, she was busy with the reconstruction of the Wizarding government. She had asked him to fix a time-turner, so if anyone was to blame it was her. She had found it broken among the ruins of Hogwarts and it held sentimental value to her. She knew that Harry had now a good grasp at Arithmancy and trusted him to get it back into working condition.

The time-turner was being particularly stubborn and he needed more power to mend it. So he had put his Phoenix wand away and brought the Elder wand out. That had been a mistake, he had overloaded the time-turner with so much magic that he had found himself in his current situation.
August 15th, 1943.

“Bloody bollocks.”

He didn't know where he was, probably out in the country. He thanked himself for his specialized clothes that stored emergency supplies and personal objects he wished to keep close. It's magically extended pockets was something he was quite proud of, even Hermione had been impressed. He thankfully had both wands on him, luckily putting his phoenix core wand in his pocket rather than his work table. His invisibility cloak was safely away in one of his pockets, and it gently wrapped around the resurrection stone.

It seemed he would be staying a while and he knew that if something happened and he didn't have identification trouble could arise. He needed to go to Gringotts immediately so apparition was needed.

He smiled as the place seemed unchanged from the first time he entered the giant doors. He walked over to one of the goblins who paid him no attention. “Greetings, I would like to talk to Griphook about a lineage test and other matters.”

The goblins in the vicinity that could hear him stopped what they were doing. “Your name?”

“Harry, my last name has yet to be decided. I would like these matters discussed behind doors.”

Many were curious to this young man who didn't treat them as if they were a lower species and knew one of their own by names. “Please come this way.” Harry followed with a smile on his face, because if one thing he could count on to not change in the wizarding world it would be the goblins.

“Greetings Griphook.”

“I am surprised to hear of a wizard asking for me, one I have never met. Who are you?”

Harry smirked as he sat down across from Griphook. “I'm an accidental time traveler Griphook. You guarded my family assets well and I thought of no one better to help me with my current situation. You would of course be well compensated.”

The goblin’s eyes now held a greedy glint at the possible idea of money. “Very well then, all information in these walls in confidential.”

Harry nodded already knowing this, “In the future I am Harry James Peverell-Gryffindor-Potter-Black. Surprisingly my mother against all odds had more than mud in her blood.”

The hiss that followed the last statement sent a chill down the goblin’s spine.

“Very well, which surname would you like to take?”

“Gryffindor and Peverell…..for obvious reasons I cannot claim the Potter and Black lines.”

Griphook nodded at this, “Let's take a heritage test and then I will have the paperwork done for you, for a fee of course.”

Harry smiled, “I will pay extra in order to have it unquestionable Griphook. I cannot afford any suspicion.”
The goblin harrumphed and went to bring the necessary items for the heritage test. Griphook and Harry were both startled by the name next to what he had already given. *Master of Death.*

“Bugger.”

“Lord Gryffindor-Peverell. I would suggest not using Peverell, Grindelwald has been said to have an obsession with becoming the *Master of Death.* Your papers will be in order in a few hours. You are allowed to stay here but I advise not to wander Lord Gryffindor-Peverell.”

Harry hummed, “Please call me Harry, Griphook. Good day Griphook, may your enemies tremble before you.”

The goblin smiled at the strange wizard, “and may your gold always flow.”

The goblins looked as the man left their establishment, they had promised to keep a close eye on the young lord.

Harry smiled as he could finally enjoy the cold winter air of the wizarding world in Britain. He needed to find a place to live but he knew where the Peverell mansion resided. He decided to walk and enjoy the British weather, another mistake on his part.

He had heard people arguing and hissing that didn't sound quite like a snake.

‘*Just wait till I get my jaws around your puny little head. I will take great joy in crunching them in half.*’

Harry smiled at the viciousness of the animal, snakes were amusing but whatever animal this was, was quite entertaining. He saw as two wizards had their wands out all the spells they were shooting at the crocodile were being deflected. “Can't wait to skin this stupid beast, cost too much trouble for what we are getting out of it!”

Harry sighed and now knew that his ‘saving people’ thing was now just ‘saving things’.

He smiled as he shot both, one with the Elder wand and the other with the phoenix wand. Immediately after he summoning both poachers away before the magical crocodile had a chance to sink its teeth in.

‘*Stupid human, should let me eat them.*’

‘*How rude, after I just saved you.*’

The crocodile comically swerved around and looked at him with interest. ‘*You speak the tongue of reptiles.*’

‘*I taught myself, not much different from speaking to snakes.*’

The crocodile gave a hissing sound, ‘*don't compare me to those legless logs. Snakes are only good as a small snack.*’

Harry laughed, ‘*Big words for your size.*’

‘*I'm a respectful size human. And I will continue to grow.*’
Harry nodded and was unsure what to do with the reptile. ‘What is your breed?’

‘I am me. I don’t know what you silly humans call me. I have no use for names.’

Harry sighed and rubbed his temples it was obvious the reptile was magical, perhaps it was one of those that went extinct before any laws were made to protect magical creatures.

‘Take me with you human. I think you would make a worthy companion. And you smell like death, I like it.’

Harry sighed and put a warming charm on the reptile much to its pleasure. ‘You will have to wait for a short while till I can get you food. I have to find somewhere to get you meat.’

‘Yes. I like my meat, fresh and bloody and preferably alive. I could hunt for both of us human.’

Harry scoffed, ‘No you will only cause problems if you go around killing. I will provide for you. And my name is Harry.’

The crocodile hissed but it complied a bit grumpily, it knew it owed the man its life.

‘Then at least let me accompany you. It would be amusing to watch all these humans when I snap at them.’

Harry sighed and was unsure how he got himself stuck with a sadistic three meter reptile. Harry stared into the crocodile’s beady eyes, ‘very well, but I get to give you a name or you will give yourself one.’

The reptile responded without hesitation, ‘Skull crusher.’

‘No.’

The crocodile made a clicking sound, ‘Then name me, something fierce.’

‘Cocidius….a being known for its hunting prowess and violence, is it to your liking?’

Cocidius snapped shut his mouth multiple times, ‘You should have a better name as well. But my name will spread fear enough for both of us.’

Harry chuckled and walked with the crocodile next to him which was quicker than he expected it to be. He decided to head back and go to Eeylops Owl Emporium and he saw the wide eyes of people who gave them a wide berth. Harry rolled his eyes as the crocodile laughed and hissed getting the reaction he wanted from wizards and witches passing by.

The man behind the counter practically leaped out of his skip when he saw the creature and Harry enter the store. “I would like to enquire of there is a possible shipment of meat for a magical crocodile of Cocidius’ size.”

The poor man was stuttering as Cocidius had his mouth wide open.

“Cocidius enough! Stop or you will be eating rats and mice!”

The crocodile shut its mouth with a hiss terrifying the poor man more. “I need 480 kilograms of meat delivered to my manor each week.”

“That’ll be 100 galleons and 10 sickles.”

Harry quickly signed to have it come out of his account. The man gasped as he signed Lord Gryffindor.

Harry smiled at the man who blushed and he left with Cocidius in tow.

Silver eyes watched as the man who resembled a Potter and Black walked on without care, with
eyes that outshined the reptile that followed being him. His Lord would definitely want to hear about this development. Everyone watched as the young man walked on with grace of a Pureblood, and with a large snapping reptile following him.

Suddenly the man stopped in front of Florean Fortescue’s Ice Cream Parlour, happily ordering three scoops of chocolate. He handed the young woman at the counter more than enough money for his cone. Abraxas wondered how well financed the man was and if he was engaged.
Abductive Reasoning

Chapter Notes

If it looks like a Potter, and it speaks like a Potter, then what is it? So I keep procrastinating on all assignments, which eventually will screw me over. Anyways I hope you enjoy this chapter! Kudos or Comment! I do NOT own Harry Potter.

Harry sighed as they finally reached the manor, with Cocidius he truly did have to walk. He was unsure how Cocidius would react to apparition but he didn't want to find out just yet.

He put his hand on the wards and slowly released his magic through them. He knew it would accept him quickly and slowly pull the manor out of the stasis it was in. He remembered that after the war he had been notified by Gringotts of his accounts. Tensions were high since the dragon incident, but once he had informed them that he never received any bank statements or mail from them. The situation had quickly changed; soon the Gringotts were reviewing their records for any withdrawal of money or removal of artifacts.

Luckily all had been untouched but the same was not said for Harry.

He had learned of the magical blocks upon him, he remembered the shock and betrayal. His magic ran wild, crackling waiting to strike like lightning at the aggressor. The goblins had asked to control himself and Harry knew that this was just the beginning.

Harry head hurt but after the compulsions had broken and his family traits had been unblocked it wasn't a surprise. The goblins saw him in a new light, being able to live with a block that should have damaged his magic beyond repair. But not only that, his family names and the title he had gained.


Peverell, Black, and Potter had obviously come from his father's side. Gryffindor had come from his mother, it was well known in the journals in the Gryffindor vault that the family was known for their blood red hair and green eyes. Slytherin had been a shock but the goblins had said he had gotten that one through conquest. Voldemort had stolen his blood for his revival and their final duel had made Harry the head of Slytherin.

It had all hurt and Harry could never bear himself to visit the portrait of Albus Dumbledore. He did not want to hear the words that he knew would come out of his late headmaster's mouth. “For The Greater Good,” his tears had been bitter and his laughter had been slightly hysterical. Those words had been used for horrendous acts in muggle history as in the magical community. But now they had been used to rip him of his childhood and the promises of death.

His dreams had been fake he realized shortly after. It was a compulsion and nothing more. Harry
Potter had lost his purpose in life.

He had gone to the Riddle mansion and tore the place apart in anger with his magic. He cried in the middle of the rubble, because wasn't Tom just another victim of circumstances. He would always pity Voldemort but he could never hate Tom.

Hermione found him and she smiled sadly as she hugged him closely. “O Harry. Let's get you home.”

Harry's voice cracked, “I'm not sure where home is ‘Mione.” She nodded understanding him, after all her heart was still with two people who didn't remember her. She had been the one to tell Harry he needed to go to Gringotts to ease relations with them. As well as finally get his Lordship rings, something he was hesitant to do. Hermione had seen as he had stormed out of the room ignoring the goblins following him. Hermione was confused but then the goblins handed her the papers and pure horror seeped into her bones. Several compulsions and lineage blockages, Harry was once again denied something he deserved. The goblins only let her see that parchment but she already knew the Lordships Harry would hold.

Harry remembered her encouragement as if they were said yesterday.

“Everything will be fine, Harry. You can make your home, because if anyone deserves one, it's you.” He looked up to see her watery eyes, “even if it's not within Britain,” the ‘with us’ was left unsaid. She had encouraged him to visit Romania to see Charlie and even asked Luna to take Harry with her on one of her trips. Hermione had called him back for the wedding.

Hermione had asked him to return, to help and Ron had asked him to be his best man. Her parents were there smiling and greeting Harry as if he were their son. He had stayed with them for a short while Australia, he had gone there as Hermione’s support.

Hermione looked beautiful that day, and she seemed so happy. “I have something for you.”

She looked up and her parents were by her side as they waited to see their daughter walk down the aisle. “Shouldn't you be by Ron’s side? Making sure he doesn't run off.”

Harry smiled at her humor, “Ginny is there keeping an eye on him. She's more than enough to take him down.”

Hermione laughed, “So what's so important you needed to leave guard duty?”

He reached into his pocket and took out a jewelry box. Hermione gasped as he opened it, “O Harry I can't.”

“The wedding gift needs to be given. It was in the Black’s vault, don't worry I checked it for any curses already. I thought it would suit you.”

“You have to put it on me then.”

Harry sighed, the necklace fit snugly against Hermione’s neck. It was a necklace with rows of diamonds embedded in it, with only four black diamonds which formed the shape of a rectangle. “O you look beautiful sweetheart. It's almost time for you to walk. Harry dear, will you walk me
to my seat.” He took Mrs. Granger to her seat and saw as Hermione walked down the aisle and people gasped at the bride.

Harry left slightly early before Molly tried to make him talk about the future. She still thought that Harry would one day marry Ginny.

He winced when he thought of Ginny, he never meant to hurt her and Hermione was the only one who knew this. Because apparently Dumbledore was not against forcing ‘Love’ to secure the Golden Boy would walk without hesitation to his death.

He trusted no one more than Hermione but even she never knew about the title that he held after the Hogwarts battle.

‘This place could use a body of water.’

Harry was pulled out of his memories, ‘I could have one made. Or make it myself.’

Cocidius snapped his mouth to show his pleasure at the idea of one being made just for him.

Harry smiled and saw as the manor was in a less than ideal shape but it wasn't in a horrible condition. He needed to get some house-elves and take his N.E.W.T exams in order to get a job if he wanted to. Or at least be taken seriously in the Wizarding World, Gringotts had covered everything but they couldn't forge scores.

“What can I do for you?”

Harry knew he caught the attention of many even this early in the morning, “I have recently returned to Britain, and an appointment has been made for the N.E.W.T exams to be taken.”

The older woman nodded at him and led him to the room where he would take the tests.

Each person who had tested him didn’t expect a competent wizard for someone who claimed to be homeschooled. They did a poor job of hiding their amazement at the ease he performed in the test, and how unfazed he was with the tests being back-to-back. As if this was as ridiculous or as hard as Hermione’s study hours/sessions, now those had been grueling.

“You can expect your exam scores in 3 to 5 days, Lord Gryffindor.”

Harry finally allowed himself to stretch gave the man a nod. He then went to get his apparition license which he had almost forgotten about. Harry began to walk toward Gringotts and saw that he still gained a lot of attention without a magical crocodile following him. It was now a little after one and he had eaten the food stored in one of his many specially designed pockets of his coat. Things really were different here; everything was alive even if Grindelwald was out there. Then again, this Dark Lord didn't terrorize Britain as much as Voldemort had.

He once again entered Gringotts and one of the higher Goblins hurried to meet with him. “I was interested in whether Gringotts could arrange for service of some house-elves….three at most.”

The goblin quickly told another of this and the message was sent to Griphook. Before he could ask about services for the construction of a lake he was grabbed harshly. “Fleamont Potter! I told you that your allowance would not be increased. Wait till I talk to your father about this little
"Excuse me madam but you have the wrong person."

The woman's frustration grew, "I know my own son. I don't know how you think changing your eyes and age is going to fool me."

Harry smirked and he was about to stun his poor great-grandmother. His hair grew and his face changed to mimic hers only his eyes stayed the same, "evidently not madam, I am not your son."

The poor woman was speechless and didn't know what to do. One of the goblins asked him to sign some paperwork and the woman was looking at him with interest.

"You're a Black."

He smiled at the older woman, "I have some Black blood in me, but lately all the families are related in England." The woman chuckled at how true his words were, the boy had a good sense of humor. "I apologize it's just that the hair, it looks a lot like my husband's and my son's."

Harry began to morph back into his natural features but this time his hair was longer and he tied it back. "Then I will keep it its natural way, so I won't get manhandled again." The woman blushed in embarrassment and Harry laughed catching the attention of many wizards and witches.

"As an apology, I would like to invite you to tea at a shop nearby." Harry grinned, "I'm badly in need of some tea, I would be more than delighted to join you."

She took his arm with a soft smile, "are you the one everyone has been gossiping about?"

Harry hummed, "that would depend, what the gossip has been about?"

"A young man that looks like a Potter and a Black walking around with what looks like a muggle crocodile."

"As far as I know I am the only one with a magical crocodile. His name is Cocidius, I just found him yesterday." The woman truly wondered if this man wasn't a Potter, only a Potter had enough luck to attract a magical crocodile when only being back in Britain for a day."

The man was a gentleman as he opened the door for her and ordered his tea and some biscuits. "So you just got back to England? Have you been traveling?"

Harry smiled at the waiter who brought their tea and biscuits. The poor man turned three shades of red when the green eyed man flashed him a smile. She thanked that Fleamont was still more focused on quidditch, if her son was anything like the man before her she would have to fight off men and women with more than a broomstick.

"Yes. I returned yesterday, I had been traveling for a while. I was homeschooled and I actually was in Gringotts after returning from taking my N.E.W.T.s I also got my apparition license while I was at it, as not to cause any more problems."

As the Lady of the house, Mrs. Potter was raised to observe when she was hosting. Even if she wasn't at her house she saw as people were listening closely to their conversation. And slowly more people were entering than usual to get a look at the mysterious man.

"How do you think you did?"

Harry finished another biscuit before continuing to talk seemingly unaware about the attention they were gathering. "I did well. I was adequately taught...though as the name implies they were extensive and quite tiring." Lady Potter did not miss his subtle message, "it seems to have slipped my mind to ask about your family. You said you were not a Black."
Harry smirked, “I apologize, and I have not formally introduced myself. Greetings Lady Potter, I am Hadrian Evans Gryffindor, at your service. But you may call me Harry.”

Several teacups shattered and the smirk never left Harry’s lips.
Whatever is left must be the truth, LORD GRYFFINDOR?!

Guys, Harry is too much of a flirt. And Cocidius had misconceptions about mating for humans LOL! Comment and Kudos are really appreciated. I do NOT own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Impossible!” Lady Potter looked toward the person of interest and showed a hint of distaste. “Arcturus, it's rude to listen to others conversations.” The man openly scowled at Lady Potter, “it is, but the exception should be made when someone is obviously lying.”

Harry saw as the servers were quickly cleaning up the mess of some of the eavesdroppers and felt slightly guilty for the trouble he was causing. “I have openly been called Lord Gryffindor by the goblins, Lord Black. How else am I supposed to prove I am Lord Gryffindor? Do you wish for me to call forth the Gryffindor sword?”

The man knew he was being made fun of and his agitation grew. “Yes.”

“Now Arcturus, that sword hasn't been seen for centuries.” Lord Black smiled at this thinking he had won.

Harry huffed and held his hand open, a flash of light blinded people. Everyone gasped as they saw the sword in the man's hand, before anyone could say anything he conjured a wooden plank in mid-air and cut it in half. “Harry, was that really necessary?”

“O yes.” Lady Potter chuckled the man really did remind her of a Potter. She would be asking Henry about his family tree when she got back, she would be upset if he had kept anything from her.

The Black was baffled and still had not spoken a word. Harry was about to leave enough to cover their bill but Lady Potter slapped his hand away. He smiled at her and turned back to Lord Black, “well not that our meeting has been unpleasant Lord Black but I must be getting back.” He winked at the man who now had a faint tinge of pink decorating his high cheekbones. Lady Potter laughed behind her hand and decided that Harry Gryffindor was going to be adopted even if he was already a lord in his own right.

Harry arrived in the manor with a pop to a chaotic scene. The elves were throwing pebbles at Cocidius, and Cocidius was singing.

‘Little bones,
Little bones,
Snap like twigs,
Gushing blood,
And squealing,
Makes the meat,
Harry felt really bad for laughing but at least it stopped the scene before him. He was trying to catch his breath, he coughed and composed himself. “You will not be attacking each other. Cocidius is my magical crocodile. I will offer you safety and a bond. You will not be mistreated or forced to reproduce, but I expect you to never speak of what happens in this house. I will talk to Cocidius first you can wait in the guest area for now.”

The elves stared at the man wide-eyed and one of them teary-eyed. ‘Cocidius, they are not for you to eat. They will bring you your food, so if you eat them you will starve. Do you understand?’

The crocodile hissed but then lifted itself up to pin Harry to the wall. ‘They are too bony, anyways. Not enough meat. You smell of arousal.’

Harry’s eyebrow rose, ‘I can assure you that it wasn't me.’ He vaguely remembered touching Black’s shoulder as he passed by him to get to the exit.

‘I can tell. I shall meet anyone who desires to mate with you first.’

The crocodile’s weight lifted off of him and he realized the crocodile was doing something similar to scenting him. ‘Why?’

‘So that I can eat them, of course.’

Harry laughed but then he followed Cocidius with worry, ‘Wait, are you being serious?’

‘COCIDIUS! I expect you to answer me!’

Harry had to stop following Cocidius to talk to the house-elves. They were all nervously waiting there in nothing but worn and torn rags. “Hello. Can I have your names?”

“I be Tipsy,” The one with large brown eyes said.

The next one had blue eyes full of tears, “my name is Endis.” The last one with light lime eyes shifted nervously, “I am Linky.” Harry smiled since they didn’t have the worst of names, “what can you do?” Tipsy’s ears wiggled, “I be the cook and can clean. Endis be taking care of the gardens.” Linky stopped Tipsy and introduced himself, “I clean the house too, and I be answering whenever you call Master Gryffindor.”

“Please just call me Harry. I wish to have the mansion back in shape in a week. Do not overwork yourself however. I also wish for you to properly stock the mansion and buy some material to make yourselves a uniform. You will be representing the Gryffindor and Peverell name with honor.”

He saw as he continued Endis started to cry, Linky looked suspicious, and Tipsy was comforting young Endis.

“Please don't cry. I know you probably won't believe this, but I had a friend who was a house-elf. I owed him my life and I would never hurt you three. By the way, I've had a talk with Cocidius and I have made it clear he is not to hurt you. One of you will have to feed him, but I've already arranged for his meals to arrive soon. He might seem mean but he's really a sweetheart.”

Winky then started to wail which startled Harry, and the two older house-elves were comforting young Endis. ‘Master Harry truly is kind. Do not take Endis’ tears wrong Master Harry, he's the youngest. He not be meaning to insult he's just happy, it'd be rare for a Master to be so kind.”

Harry's smile was soft and knowing. “Of course, no matter the year creatures have always been
treated less than ideal. Worry not; this will be your home just as much as it is mine. Here is a bag; it should be more than enough to buy what is needed. Now I'm off to find a crocodile.”

He left the elves to get them acquainted with the manor. In the future he was astounded by the mansion, and it still was impressive. He had thought that if coming back in time rid him the surname Slytherin he would have rid himself of his deathly title too. Apparently not, he felt as the Elder wand seemed to vibrate in his pocket almost excited to be in his grasp. He wondered if Grindelwald was now looking for his missing wand, and wondered if he would have to face the man. He knew that Dumbledore wouldn't face his ex-lover until two years and he could always count on Grindelwald’s obsession with the Deathly Hallows.

‘You humans think too much. What are you worrying about Harry? I can practically smell the anxiety halfway across your dwelling.’

Harry smiled at the Cocidius who ended up finding him instead. ‘I may have to face a dangerous man one day Cocidius. A man who is twisted and dark, but he was once human as well.’

Cocidius curled himself around Harry, ‘I could eat him if you like?’

Harry chuckled as he bent down to pet the scaly creature, ‘no Cocidius he is very powerful, and while I know you are fierce. I rather not lose you.’

Cocidius allowed the emerald eyed man to rub his scales, ‘you should make my lake for me.’

Harry nodded and took Cocidius out to the backside of the manor which had acres upon acres of land. Harry used his magic to vanish a big plot of the land, making it more than big enough for Cocidius. “Augementi.”

The water poured from the Elder wand like a flood and filled the lake in a matter of minutes. “I could add salt to it if you wish.”

The crocodile snapped it mouth shut, ‘I'm a magical crocodile Harry. Salt or fresh water does not matter, and I only need to swim once in a while.’

‘Ah yes. I forgot. Go ahead then, enjoy. I put a warming charm on the water, so it should be an adequate temperature.’

Cocidius wasted no time and hissed with pleasure as the water enveloped his body.

Harry watched as Cocidius swam around the lake at various speeds, he was to the water like Harry was to the sky.

Linky popped next to him making Harry slightly jump, “the rep-telly’s food has arrived.”

Harry covered his laughter with his hand and promised to call Cocidius that out in public. “Linky if you could please bring half of it here. I think Cocidius would enjoy a meal.”

“Of course, Master Harry.” Harry sighed at the ‘Master’ part but he expected nothing less from house-elves.

A large pile of meat appeared next to him and then he saw as Cocidius swam towards him at full speed. He erupted from the water with his jaws wide opened and quickly closing around the food beside Harry.

“COCIDIUS! I’M SOAKING WET NOW!”

The crocodile cackled loudly and then continued to eat, and Harry sighed with a smile. Wandlessly he dried himself and walked back to the manor.

As he entered the house he was created by Linky who had a large barn owl with a letter tied to its leg. “Hello there. Let me get that. Linky give her some treats for me.”
The letter had a seal upon it, the Potter seal.

**Dear Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor,**

*I have heard a lot of you from my dear wife Arlene. It seems you have made quite an impression on her and she insists that I must meet you. We would like to invite you to our mansion for some tea, seeing as you didn't get to finish your last one. We hope to see you tomorrow at noon.*

*Sincerely,*

*Henry Potter*

*Member of the Most Ancient and Noble House Potter.*

Harry hummed and wondered whether it would be smart to be in contact with his great-grandparents. Yet another owl came to him, an owl he knew belonged to Gringotts and wondered what it could possibly be about.

**Dear Lord Hadrian Gryffindor-Peverell,**

*It has come to our attention that you hold the ability to speak to reptiles. Gringotts would like to be informed if you have the ability to speak to dragons as well. If so, Gringotts would be willing to pay you for your services.*

*Sincerely,*

*Ironclaw III,*

*Head of Gringotts Bank.*

Harry wanted to laugh it seemed he would be going to Gringotts again. He didn't want his mail to be intercepted, if this ability got out he would be hassled more than he already was.

‘*Where are you going?’*

He turned to see Cocidius and wondered how he managed to sneak up on him. ‘*Gringotts, the bank, it seems they are having some problems with one of their dragons.*’

He saw as the crocodile observe him, ‘*I will go with you then. They are basically my kind with wings, having me by your side will help you.*’

Harry didn't know if this was true but he trusted himself to keep them both safe from dragons. ‘*Very well Cocidius. But please do not insult the dragons. We will apparate in front of the Bank. It might feel a bit weird.*’

Harry hoped this wouldn't bleed into tomorrow, if it did he would have to inform the Potters. With a pop they appeared and the two goblins at the sides of the dorms watched in interest as they opened the doors for the wizard and his beast.

‘*Hello Griphook, I believe we have some business to discuss.*’
The goblin looked at the large reptile behind him, “I gather that the creature will be accompanying you.”

‘No eating these creatures either Cocidius.’

‘They don’t look or smell pleasant. They smell like metal.’

Harry then turned back to the goblin’s whose eyes sparkled with interest, “Yes, don’t worry he has been fed already.”

Griphook shook his head at the wizard’s wide smile and knew that he had said it to strike fear.

“Follow me then Lord Gryffindor.”

He was led into a much nicer room than last time, and was told to wait. Two guards came in and a Goblin followed who Harry guessed was the reason for the two additional bodies. “Hello Lord Gryffindor-Peverell, Gringotts would like to hire you for a task. One of our dragons is gravely ill, it allows no one near it. We would be willing to pay you a hearty sum to evaluate the dragon’s situation.”

Chapter End Notes

DRAGONS!!!!

P.S.--Cocidius is actually going so Harry doesn't come back with a dragon.
Harry was surprised they accommodated the cart to fit Cocidius, but he figured they were pretty desperate given the situation. He forgot how vast and overwhelming Gringotts was, but also how dreary it seemed. He heard the roaring and felt the temperature increase dramatically as they grew closer. “There has been no way to control the female dragon’s temperament, lately it has been too dangerous to even get near. We have had to shut this wing for the safety concerns, even with upset customers.”

Harry nodded and they stopped a ways from where the heat originated. He saw as embers flew around them like little fireflies he had seen in the States on one of his visits. The roars were loud and he looked down to Cocidius who was pressed against him.

‘BLOOD ON STONE,
FIRE IN ME,
LET ALL BURN,
YET DRAGONKIN BE.’

Harry felt as the words reverberated from the walls and into his bones. “Do you know what it is saying Lord Gryffindor-Peverell?”

“It's chanting. I suggest you leave, I can only guarantee the safety of one.”

The heat was now sweltering and uncomfortable; he put a cooling charm on Cocidius so that he would not boil. He then put on fire-repelling charms and made it so that they would both be able to withstand a flame if need be.

‘BLOOD ON STONE,
FIRE IN ME,
LET ALL BURN,
YET DRAGONKIN BE.’

Harry saw the dragon it looked similar to a Ukrainian Ironbelly, but it seemed to be a hybrid. This one was certainly bigger than the one he had escaped on, and it was on fire. The blue fire danced on it's scales, growing bright enough to hurt Harry's eyes. It's head snapped towards him and Harry saw its blood red eyes with slits in them, it reminded him too much of Voldemort for his
'They have sent another pathetic morsel for me to eat.'

'I hope not.' Harry wanted to groan loudly at Cociédus choice of words.

The dragon stopped its advance in surprise and then looked at the creature besides the human.

'One would think your kind would be in deep not walking around destructive beings.'

This time it was Harry that spoke, 'I came to ask about your health.' The dragon turned towards him and Harry swore it smiled, 'It speaks, but sadly it will never listen. Blind and dumb, heart sorely numb, just like the creatures whose fuss over gold. With a thirst worse than our own.'

Harry knew it spoke about the goblins and part of him knew that her deep hatred for them would hinder helping it. 'I hardly care for the gold. My friend once said I have a people saving thing.'

'Look how easily it lies in my tongue, your kind ruins everything they touch.' This really wasn't looking good because the flames grew hotter. 'He does not lie; he saved me from being killed. I might be nearly indestructible but it only does so much against chains and magic.'

The dragon peered at him and he could see the glowing chains on him, but they were not melting. The dragon inhaled and the fires on her scales flickered. 'I see, now I know, you are more than just flesh and bones. You are chosen, you are the 'One', who is the living and dead all wrapped into one. Then I will tell you this, what happens to fire when it no longer burns?'

Harry's eyes widened and he jumped towards the dragon coming into its reach. 'NO! WHY?!' He had never heard of case where a dragon basically committed suicide. 'You are still a child but one day you will learn. Death grants a freedom life never can. I have lived long and all I have seen is chains and stone, never reprieve.'

'Surely there is something that will convince you to stop this.' The dragon chuckles were harsh and raspy and now knew the boy spoke true when he had a 'saving people' thing. 'Too much time has passed little one, nothing can be done. I will meet my end as all fires do, tell those who hired you, the others will follow. If things do not change, grant my brethren a taste of life, Master of Death.'

The dragon rested it's head on the warm stone and it's fires were now growing red and orange. She seemed so tired but ate some stone that lay beside her. “Save the Dragonkin surrounded by the darkness and cold, reignite the fires weathered by time. Speak to them; allow them to see of what could possibly be. And make a small tray for my very last gift.” Harry transfigured a slab of stone into a tray as big as he could carry. ‘This will allow you to go near, to play with fire without the fear. Drink it little one, and the others will know. You will bear the mark of Dragon Friend, a privilege only known by one other human soul.’

Her fires then turned yellow as she watched him, he could tell she was fighting to keep her eyes open. There was a small puddle in the middle of the tray that looked like golden lava. And Harry couldn't help but feel horror at the thought of drinking it, but she was fading fast. Harry tilted the tray up and closed his eyes as the liquid slowly made its way down. It didn't burn but he felt the warmth of the golden liquid slowly envelope his body. The tray dropped from his hands and he quickly followed after with a scream.

The goblins heard the scream and thought the worst, it was a pained scream like one made under the Cruciatius Curse. Many of them wondered whether they had gotten the time traveler eaten. Griphook looked at the registry of his client and it still said living, he let out a breath he didn't know he had been keeping. He told a group that Lord Hadrian was alive, and that they were to go assess and assist if possible.

Griphook wondered how long the title the young Lord held would be kept under wraps, if the boy continued to run headfirst into trouble.

Griphook and his fellow goblins did not know that Harry had earned another title that would cause just as much trouble.
The frustration was palpable in the air; the magic was heavy like the air before a storm. And of course the closer one got closer the more destructive it got. The origin of the source was a man who took his anger out on his surroundings. “One of you must have it! A wand does not simply grow feet and walk away by itself!” The man was causing those withering beneath him to cry out in pain as he continued to use his magic to overload their pain receptors wherever it touched. “The wand! Is it important?!”

The German wizard’s eyes narrowed, “More important than your life! If I found out one of you took it, I guarantee you fate worse than death.”

“PLEASE MY LORD! NONE OF US WOULD BETRAY YOU!”

The magic eased but still coiled around the German wizard ready to strike on command, “Let us hope so. This will set me back in my plans but not for long.” He looked coldly as the men picked themselves from the ground, and knew that one day he would have to challenge his old lover. He was the only person that would stand in between him and taking over the Britain Wizarding world.

Emerald eyes opened, but they weren’t quite emerald anymore. Harry’s eyes were emerald with flakes of gold throughout the iris, and a pupil that was slightly slit but still round. The pain had been immense, “BLOODY FUCK!”

‘You know if we just refused to go out, things like this wouldn’t happen.’ Harry grunted, ‘thank you for your concern Cocidius.’ The crocodile clicked in amusement, ‘I should have eaten you when I had the chance, it would have saved me a whole lot of trouble. I have never seen anyone be so stupid as to run toward a dragon on fire.’ Harry laughed hysterically as if Cocidius had said the funniest thing, making the crocodile hit him with his tail. ‘SHIT! Cocidius that hurt!’

‘Good thing you woke up. I can sense the Goblins closing in. You might want to get your fire under control.’

‘What!’? Harry finally decided to look at himself by conjuring a mirror; he was stunned by his eyes. “WHAT THE FUCK! MY EYES!”

‘You’re literally on fire and you are worrying about your eyes. Humans are so weird.’ Harry noticed the green flames that outlined his body, they were beautiful but he needed them gone before the goblins saw him. “Finite.” Nothing happened and Harry was severely glad these flames didn’t melt his clothes, but he constructed these to be nearly indestructible just never thought he would be testing them out this way. ‘Concentrate Harry.’ He was startled by Cocidius giving him advice, but he imagined the flames being gone and slowly they flickered out.

And just in time, “LORD GRYFFINDOR! DO YOU NEED ASSISTANCE?!”

Harry did not jump; he had no reason to feel like he had almost been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. “We have a situation on hand. I need to see the head of Gringotts immediately. The dragon committed suicide and the others will be following soon if something is not done.” Harry ran his hands through his hair; he was hoping he wasn’t going to miss out on that cup of tea again.

They rushed him to a meeting with the head of the bank, the goblin that had requested his service in the first place. Cocidius was close to him, near his legs resting with his eyes close but Harry knew Cocidius would act if need be. “Lord Gryffindor-Peverell, I would like to know what you propose to be done about this situation. We have our own ideas.”
“I would like to hear what Gringotts is thinking of doing to solve this situation first, and I will give advice.” The goblin nodded and started to speak, “we have several talented goblins and wizards on our payroll. We could add more chains and wards not which would prevent the dragons to burn themselves out.” Harry’s nails started to make his palms bleed and Cocidius began to hiss.

“Potions could be made to make dragons more receptive, and certain measures could be taken to suppress…..”

Before Ironclaw III could finish his sentence the flames licked hungrily at the air surrounding Harry. Because Harry remembered the pale dragon that he rode out of Gringotts with eyes like broken mirrors. He felt the pain of the dragon that died before him, who had only hoped for freedom. They reminded him of the little boy who lived under the stairs staring longingly at the sky, hoping that he would grow wings and fly away from the people who didn’t love him and hurt him. A boy trapped in darkness and chained to a world who he owed nothing to.

He saw as the goblins’ eyes widened as the chair underneath him turned to ash in just seconds, and Cocidius was now snapping ready to embed his teeth in anyone who dared to hurt his human. “**Dragon Friend. Impossible.**”

“O. It is very possible Ironclaw III. We will speak about reasonable measures to take. Dragons may not be your kind, but they deserve respect just like every other creature. For a race that has been constantly limited and oppressed by wizards, one would think you would know better than to screw over another species.”

“Watch your mouth human!” One of the guards spoke.

Ironclaw III flinched in horror when the guard spoke, they did not know what the boy was. He was young but the boy could decimate them if he wanted to. The boy’s magic and flames engulfed the room, and Ironclaw for the first time in centuries feared for his life, because he was sure that he heard roars vibrate through Gringotts.

Chapter End Notes

So apparently my dragons rhyme. Or at least they try to....
Cocidius needs hugs....
Harry might get involved with politics more than I initially planned, Darn his bleeding heart.
Empathy-Altruism Hypothesis

Chapter Notes

I totally forgot I was going to update today lol, my bad. I got distracted. I made a necklace today. Very proud of myself. Pearl skull, very morbid. Anyways, thank you for the great comments and kudos. I will keep enjoying them if you keep them coming. I do NOT own Harry Potter. And I do NOT have a beta reader.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If the German wizard’s magic was a storm that promised death, Harry’s magic was the apocalypse that promised a fate worse than hell. It was wild and it dripped with malice that made you hope that your death was quick. His magic darkened and quieted the room, “the last thing I want is an altercation with the Goblin Nation. Yet you must understand my position, I made that dragon a promise to help her kind. So we either discuss the betterment of their conditions, or we speak about how much they are worth to you. There is no third option.”

Ironclaw III was glad that none of his guards spoke, but that was probably due to them still being in shock with the shear magical power the boy in front of them had. “Very well, Lord Gryffindor-Peverell. Will you tell me what would have happened if you didn’t intervene?” The head of Gringotts saw as the boys eyes dulled as if going over memories.

Harry thought of once Charlie had told him in Romania, the travesty that tainted the walls of Gringotts. Those dragons had burned themselves out one after another, until only one was left, one who the Goblins had denied death to. Harry closed his eyes and breathed slowly out to calm himself, “a travesty.” The flames receded back into his skin and Cocidius no longer snapped at the goblins threateningly. Harry now knew he changed part of the timeline tremendously and part of him couldn’t find himself to care, if it helped a creature it was worth it. “Then we at Gringotts are open to discussion to the proper care these dragons need.”

Harry smiled, “I will have to talk to them. Get them to trust you and hopefully get them to agree to stay in Gringotts.” The goblin grunted, “For your sake, I hope you succeed Lord Gryffindor-Peverell.”

Harry nodded at the goblins words and left for the depths of Gringotts without waiting for a guide, he did not need them to find the dragons. Only three others remained and he felt their warmth calling out to him. ‘Dragon friend, come down to me. One soul worthy to share the skies with Dragonkin. A soul we would trust with our hatchlings. A soul just as weary as thee.’ Harry felt Cocidius moving in to comfort him and Harry walked to meet the first. It was a young male Ironbelly, healthy and well fed but still chained. ‘Hello there, I want to make sure you get what you need.’ The flames receded back into his skin and Cocidius no longer snapped at the goblins threateningly. Harry now knew he changed part of the timeline tremendously and part of him couldn’t find himself to care, if it helped a creature it was worth it. “Then we at Gringotts are open to discussion to the proper care these dragons need.”

Harry smiled sadly and wished it were only that easy, ‘Life is not easy outside of these walls. Wizards hunt your kind down; there are no laws to protect your kind. If you were to leave here you would probably be captured once again. I have come into agreement with the goblins, as long as you do not hurt them, they will expand this place to feel like home. They will provide nourishment and all you have to do is protect the gold that resides within these vaults.’

The dragon did not take kindly to his words, Harry knew it was mourning and it stayed by its side till it stopped fuming. Harry appreciated the gift from the first dragon on being immune to fire, although he couldn’t stay dead it would have still been a painful death. Cocidius whose head was on his lap offered to show the dragon his memories. Cocidius had managed to escape the poachers
but he had seen dragons killed for their scales and hearts. ‘Chosen one, I will stay. But please promise to keep fighting, so that one day, if not I, my descendants will taste the sky.’ Harry promised him and went on to find the next one which was a female Common Welsh, she was far more docile towards him. She nodded with him and asked the same of him as the dragon before her, the last one was an older Ironbelly dragon who understood the cruelty of wizards. The dragon had taken a liking to him and asked him to visit her again. And that was the about the fourth promise made to a dragon, he laughed as Cocidius was pouting. ‘At least they won’t be coming home with us.’

‘I would not put it past you to go behind my back and bring one of those wretched things home.’

Harry smiled, ‘you’re adorable when you sulk. I appreciate your help Cocidius. And if you ever need to talk about what you have seen, I am here. I have been tortured Cocidius. I have seen things that I will never forget. I know what it is like to carry guilt with you.’ Cocidius made clicking noises and they ascended back to the lobby of Gringotts in silence.

He was greeted by Griphook and Ironclaw III, who led them to another room; they would be talking about the chosen goblins that would take care of the dragons. As will, as the other accommodations for them and a continuation of Harry’s visits to the dragons to check on them. The goblins did not understand why but they respected him, and knew that the boy thought well of creatures and cared. “Lord Hadrian, did you not mention you have an appointment at noon at the Potters.” The boy practically beamed at their use of his name, they felt like they had just involved themselves with a very troublesome person. Then with a snap what he said registered in the boys mind, “FUCK! Can I use your floo?”

They nodded and watched as he was hit with his crocodile’s tail. “COCIDIUS YOU’RE TAIL HURTS! I did not forget you! Lady Potter knows about you Cocidius, it won’t be too much of a surprise if you join this tea party. Besides it’s only Lady Potter and Lord Henry Potter.”

‘Famous last words,’ Cocidius said as Harry yelled out ‘Potter Manor.’ And followed his human into another poorly thought out way of travel….wizards were weird.

Lady Arlene Potter was a taught on how to handle unwanted guests. Yet she had a growing urge to throw all the Lords and Ladies in her guest parlour out. She looked at her husband and promised retribution, the man withered under her glare. The man was too soft and was pressured by the Blacks, Longbottoms, and Malfoys. What was her husband thinking, she had specifically told him that the young man she wanted him to meet didn't like attention. They were all comfortably drinking tea and eating biscuits like they belonged there. She was lucky that the school year had just started so there weren't as many people as there could be.

She came out of her thoughts with a loud thump at the fireplace, and she saw there guest laying upon their floor. She was startled when a large reptile followed and landed on the poor boy. “Cocidius get off, you weigh a ton.”

She couldn't help but giggle at the boy, something about him just lightened up the room. Even with a large reptile who could eat her next to him. She did not expect the boy to be have soot on his face and be slightly disheveled. This would not make a great impression on the families behind her, she would hit her idiot husband for this. “You are covered in soot, dear.”

She saw as he blushed and looked down at his state in realization. Her jaw almost dropped as he waved himself into a presentable state, wandless magic at such a young age was unheard of. Wandless magic was rare to begin with, “sorry, I just spent the entire night helping Gringotts.”

The crocodile next to him hissed and it startled her and the other occupants in the room. “I'm sorry
Cocidius is just jealous of the cute dragon at Gringotts. He likes to be the only reptile in my life.”

“Cute?!” Someone said behind her and she saw as the boy practically flinched at the realization of who was there. Henry Potter would be sleeping on the couch for a month, and she told him with her eyes.

“Is that why you are covered in soot Harry? Are you hurt anywhere?” He looked back to her and softened, “I'm fine Lady Potter. I'm practically fireproof.” She smiled as he winked, “please if I call you Harry, then I insist you call me Arlene.”

She led him to a seat and saw as Lord Malfoy's son practically ate the young Lord with his eyes. Arcturus Black was in the same boat, she thought that the crocodile by the boy would be enough to hold those two back.

“I thank you for the invitation Lord Potter. It's a pleasure to meet you.”

“No, it's a pleasure to finally meet who my wife has been talking about Lord Gryffindor. Let me introduce you to my other guests.”

“Lord and Lady Malfoy with their son and heir Abraxas Malfoy, Arcturus Black, and Lord and Lady Longbottom.”

Arlene saw as Harry was a bit stiff but then relaxed with the clicking noise of the reptile resting near him. “A pleasure to meet all of you; I am sorry to meet you in a less than ideal fashion. I formally introduce myself as Hadrian Evans Gryffindor, and my loyal magical crocodile Cocidius.”

Lady Longbottom smiled at the young man before him, “and how did you come across him?”

“I have been cursed to have trouble find me, I ran across poachers trying to recapture Cocidius.”

Lord Longbottom laughed, “a true Gryffindor indeed then.”

Harry saw as the Malfoy’s and Arcturus Black’s eyes filled with distaste. “I've heard rumors that you are a metamorphmagus from my wife.” Arlene wanted to in a very unfeminine way to hit her husband with every hex that she knew. Harry just smiled and changes his features to mimic everyone, one by one. Until he went back to himself and Arlene though she was probably imagining things, she thought she saw his pupil changed. “Are you a Black?”

“No although, my father was said to have had some Black blood in him.” Lady Malfoy was the next to question the boy, “who are your parents?”

They saw as the boy's face darken and they all tensed, “I'm sorry but I rather not speak of my parents. They were both killed when I was a babe.”

Arlene felt the need to coddle the boy even more strongly, “who raised you Harry?”

“My mentor, he was a callous man. He thought he was doing the best, but he was very misguided
in his ways. I cannot regret my upbringing, it taught me a lot about the world.”

They boy drank his tea and took a biscuit as the others looked at the young Lord. It was obvious the boy had seen war or at least some sort of conflict. His eyes were haunted and it tore at Arlene’s heart, the boy looked so much like her son in some ways. “So does that mean you were homeschooled?”

Harry looked at the young man who was to be Lucius’ father, “Yes. My mentor didn’t trust anyone besides himself to teach me how rough the world could be. Constant Vigilance and all that…”

“Are you planning on working with Gringotts, or do you have something else in mind?”

Harry was surprised that Lord Malfoy was talking to him without disgust. “I will be called to Gringotts only if it ever has any problems with the dragons. I am just settling in and waiting for my N.E.W.T scores to decide where I go on from there.”

“A fine man like you would get a job anywhere, I’m sure.”

“You can speak to your reptile, how?”

Harry smiled softly at Cocidius taking the breath of Abraxas Malfoy and Arcturus Black; the young Lord before them was beautiful. “Unknown to many Gryffindor and Slytherin were friends, Slytherin gave Gryffindor the ability to speak to snake through a blood ritual. A ritual that has been lost to time, but the talent passed down just like it did for Slytherin’s line, except it skips a generation. I practiced speaking to reptiles, they are quite different from snakes in their vocal ability” Harry was lying through his teeth but they wouldn’t know the difference.

Chapter End Notes

Is a crocodile enough to keep suitors away? lol it rhymes, should print it out on a shirt. I'm a tad bit sleep-deprived. Hope you enjoyed it!
Law of Attraction

Chapter Notes

Hello! I'm amazed this fanfic is getting so much love. Anyways I hope you enjoy this chapter. Abraxas, poor boy, is going to be pinning lol. I do NOT own Harry Potter! I do not have a beta. Comment or Kudos! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Abraxas Malfoy thought that he would meet no one like Tom Marvolo Riddle but he was wrong. He had only glimpsed at the young Lord from a distance, but his beauty up close was something else. His soft smile towards his crocodile had stirred something in Abraxas, and he knew the man was strong. His parents could barely keep their mouths from dropping when the man before performed magic before them like it was something he did on a daily basis. The man was exactly the opposite of his Lord, this man before him was warm and it made you want to come closer. The little taste of his magic only teased them, only giving enough of the basics showing that the wizard was gray. Malfoy was not an idiot and saw Lady Potter’s weariness towards him; she had already taken in the young lord as her own. Hadrian Gryffindor was perhaps like his name too "Gryffindor-ish" but his gray based magic gave the idea that man would not be affronted with the darker families. To find out that Hadrian spoke Parseltongue was unexpected and it was a development he would have to tell to his Lord. If Abraxas could get the man to be on his side then he would get his Lord a strong ally, and a beautiful and strong partner to merge the Malfoy name with. He did not expect for Lord Black to be showing his interest in the young Lord so openly. Lord Black had every right because he was widowed but the man was older than both of them by almost a decade.

Abraxas agitation was noticed by his parents who smiled slightly, it went unnoticed by Harry who continued to answer questions asked by Black on possible partners in the picture.

Lady Potter was amused about the two men fighting over Harry’s attention. She looked over to Lady Malfoy and was surprised to see Lady Malfoy nod to her. Then they were startled by the wandless protego that engulfed the three men. "COCIDIUS!"

Both men retreated away from the Gryffindor to everyone's amusement, they saw as the young Lord reprimanded the reptile. "I'm very sorry. He's being petulant since the dragons. I'm sorry but I'll be leaving Lady Potter. I have to get him back home before he starts snapping at everyone."

Harry dragged the giant reptile to the fireplace and yelled out Gringotts. "Wait young man! YOU SAID DRAGONS, as in more than one!" But it was too late the young man was gone bickering back and forth with the reptile he was struggling with.

“I swear Henry; if he was our son I would put all the blame on you. He might as well be a Potter with his luck finding trouble.” Henry laughed at his wife antics, “I think Fleamont would learn a great deal from him.”

Lady Longbottom spoke next, “I think all of our children would learn much from him. What charming boy. Hopefully we get to see more of him.”

Lord Malfoy had a tilt to the edge of his mouth, “we will probably invite him to the Malfoy ball. He made quite an impression on Abraxas.” Their son had a red blush upon his porcelain skin which made the ladies chuckle.

“I hope that boy isn't putting himself in danger. He did say dragons. I don't know if it's the mother
in me, but I feel like that boy wasn't loved enough." Both women nodded and the Lords just looked at their wives with fond smiles. Lady Malfoy then turned to Lord Black, “Arcturus you seemed to have an interest in the boy. Are you planning anything more than one of those flings you fancy yourself?”

Arcturus wanted to hex Lady Malfoy for that because now he was getting glare from the ladies, it seemed they had become protective of him. “I hardly know him Lady Malfoy.”

“Hadrian will surely be the talk for quite some time. I can only hope the poor boy is used to all the stares, with his title the rumors won't be dying anytime soon.” The rest agreed with Lady Potter’s words and went on with their chatter before going their separate ways.

Harry arrived to the Peverell manor after separating from Gringotts. ‘What the hell was that?!’

‘I could practically taste their arousal. I will not have you being eaten.' Cocidius left toward his lake and Harry was stunned. ‘Eaten?!”

‘Mates usually eat their partner after the mating process.’

Harry was at a loss for words when Cocidius said that, and he fell to the floor in laughter. He was trying to tell Cocidius his lack of understanding but his fit of laughter just started all over again. He barely missed the giant tail aimed for his head; Harry had to calm himself to inform the reptile before him.

‘Cocidius, humans do not cannibalize after mating.’

The crocodile looked at Harry to determine if he was lying, ‘they don’t?’

‘No they do not Cocidius.’

Cocidius was annoyed and Harry could tell, ‘your kind is boring.’ Harry knew Cocidius was sulking again left to swim leaving Harry laughing all over again. He collected himself and followed Cocidius and then jumped into the water. The crocodile came from under him, Harry realized how big Cocidius was then. ‘I will still bite anyone who tries to mate with you. Hold on.’

Cocidius glided through the water with Harry attached to his back with a smile on his face. Cocidius rose to the top so that Harry could breathe once again, and took him to the edge. Harry thanked Cocidius and asked Linky to get a bath ready.

Harry passed out once he hit the bed blocking the world out for a few hours.

Harry woke up and was told by Linky that breakfast was ready and there was an owl waiting for him. Harry groaned and got himself out of bed, startled when he almost stepped on Cocidius.

Dear Lord Hadrian Gryffindor,

It was a pleasure to meet you yesterday. I found myself intrigued by you, and knowing that you have recently moved to Britain offer my company to show you around.

Sincerely,

Abraxas Malfoy
“How cute.” He knew the owl was waiting for a response.

Dear Malfoy Heir,

I appreciate the offer. Perhaps some time next month, I am currently in need of some time to settle into my manor.

Sincerely,

Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor,

Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House Gryffindor.

He gave the owl some bacon before it left and ate all he needed to make up for missing his meals the previous days. ‘Who was that bird from?’ Harry swallowed his food before responding, ‘the blond haired man you snapped at yesterday.’

Cocidius snapped his mouth closed and hissed, ‘Do not encourage them. Tell him to go jump in a merpeople infested lake.’ Harry laughed and threw at Cocidius one of the chicken breasts that he had ordered Tipsy to cook. ‘Do not worry Cocidius, knowing who Abraxas’ child will be, I would never get into a relationship with him. Draco after all taught me a lot about Pureblood customs, even against his wife’s wishes. I also want to thank you for not attacking Lady and Lord Potter.’ Cocidius ate his snack before speaking, ‘it is obvious they are related to you. You reek of sorrow when you look at them. Why don’t you tell them?’

Harry smiled sadly and his breakfast was left forgotten, ‘No. I am not taking the chance my father will not be born. It is best to keep everyone at an arm’s distance, besides I have you.’ The crocodile knew at that moment there was no human in the world like his human, and no one deserved him except Cocidius. ‘Come Cocidius, we have shopping to do, Malfoy will get the hint. Hopefully.’

‘And if he doesn’t I’ll bite him for you.’

And once again Harry should have stayed in bed and ordered for the house-elves to chain him to it.

From the corner of his eye a familiar store ‘Borgin and Burkes’, his eyes flashed with memories of Merope desperately begging for money to make sure she could see Tom to birth. Cocidius tail bumped his leg in order to make sure his flames didn’t cause a show in the middle of Diagon Alley. He walked toward Knockturn Alley and entered the store with plenty of eyes and whispers following him. “Welcome to Borgin and Burkes…….” The overweight man noticed who he was and stiffened. Harry knew how to play this man from Tom’s memories, and he put on his warmest smile. A smile that tricked Hermione into thinking he was okay and made Ms. Weasley stop coddling him. Cocidius next to him hissed in disgust at the pudgy man before him and wondered if his master was in his right mind. “I have heard wonderful things about your establishment.” The man preened and puffed his chest, smoothing his hair back and Harry was utterly disgusted. “We hold some of the most unique antiques and artifacts not available anywhere else in magical Britain.”
Harry nodded letting the man think Harry was impressed by him, “I need your experience and help finding something.” Burke flashed his yellow teeth at Harry, “I would be more than willing to help you Lord Gryffindor.” Harry slowly got closer to the man and wondered if the man had taken a bath recently, “I am looking for a locket with a snake on it.”

Recognition lit in the man eyes along with greed, “Of course, we have one just like that. A lady came in claiming it belonged to Salazar Slytherin himself, raving mad woman who was sprouting lies of course. Ah here it is… I will be willing to sell it to you for four hundred Galleons.” Harry chuckled at the man’s mistake, “Did you not just say the woman was raving mad, and then you could hardly trust her claims? Are you trying to trick a LORD, into buying some subpar necklace? I can only imagine the damage it would do to your establishment’s pristine reputation.” Harry wanted to guffaw as the man couldn’t decide between turning pale or a dark red, usually people told more than they meant to when trying to impress others. “I will pay you one more Galleon for what you paid for it.” Cocidius next to him growled and snapped his jaw to send the threat across. “That would be eleven galleons.” Harry gave the man his money and left the shop with a smile passing a woman he recognized as Madam Hepzibah Smith.

He did not expect to be confronted by Albus Dumbledore so soon; his agitation was read by Cocidius who was getting ready to launch himself at the man before him. ‘Cocidius, no. He is enemy we cannot afford.’ Harry knew that Dumbledore could understand Parseltongue, but then again the tongue of dragons was very different. A language only understood if the one speaking it wanted you to understand even if you knew Parseltongue. Harry looked up to see the younger version of Dumbledore with those same annoying twinkling eyes. “Hello, how can I help you?”

Chapter End Notes

FUN FACT: This fanfic almost didn’t end up a Tomarry. Abraxas was not the option either even though it seems like it in this chapter. Can you guess who?
Youth Bias

Chapter Notes

You got this update early because someone won my challenge. It wasn't really a challenge but someone asked what they would win if they got my question right, and I panicked and promised an update to whoever won would get to choose when they wanted the update to be lol. So the pairing that almost beat Tomarry is actually Newt/Harry. Yeah it's a cute ship, fight me. I hope you like the chapter. Comment or Kudos! I do NOT own Harry Potter! And I do not have a beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I had heard a rumor of a man with an ability to talk to reptiles. I didn't expect him to be quite so young. Hello my name is Albus Dumbledore; I am a professor at Hogwarts.” Harry really wished Cocidius would stop hissing at the wizard before him. “Hello Professor Dumbledore, can I help you?”

“Please call me Albus, my boy.” This made Harry’s mouth turn sour, ‘boy’ reminded Harry of Vernon and the scheming man in front of him from his own time. Anyone who knew Harry would know that the smile on his face was not genuine, and this Dumbledore did not know Harry. “I'm sorry, Professor Dumbledore. Perhaps customs have changed in my time away from Britain. Even with your fine position in Hogwarts and my youth, I am still a Lord. Gryffindors as you should know, pride themselves in honor and tradition. I am not to be addressed so formally unless you are; a friend, a family member, or my lover. Which I assure you, you are not.”

Harry took great pleasure at Dumbledore’s inner turmoil and horror of Harry being completely different than what he expected. Hadrian Gryffindor was not one of his stereotypical lions, perhaps once but not anymore.

“I apologize, Lord Gryffindor. I overstepped my bounds, an old man like me forgets sometimes. Perhaps we could sit down and ta…”

Before Dumbledore could say anything else, Harry watched in horror as Cocidius embedded his teeth into Dumbledore’s robes. “Cocidius! That's rude of you. I'm so sorry Professor Dumbledore. I believe he thinks you're trying to court me. He's made it very clear he'd eat any man attracted to me….”

Harry continued to ramble loud enough for the people passing by to hear he really loved Cocidius. “O Cocidius, I’m sure your smelling wrong.”

It didn't take long the people gossiping to know what the young lord meant by that. Harry wanted to laugh and hug Cocidius, who had now claimed a large piece of his robe to himself. “I apologize, professor Dumbledore. I can reimburse you for your robes; I wouldn't know where to start in finding robes so intense.” Harry wondered if Dumbledore slowly started getting more outlandish in his choice of wear after the split up with Grindelwald. “No worries, Lord Gryffindor. I remembered I have engagement that requires my attention.”

“Very well, once again I apologize for Cocidius.” Dumbledore disappeared with a pop and Harry wished he could laugh without making a display. ‘Why did you bite his clothes Cocidius?’

The crocodile finally let go of the fabric, ‘his choice in clothes was hurting my eyes.’ Harry
chuckled and pet the scaly head of the giant crocodile. People watched as the giant reptile wagged his tail like a kneazle. “Silly reptelly.”

He was then met with Cocidius tail and laughed, people were startled and soon walked away. Harry decided to subscribe to the Daily Prophet that day, he knew that tomorrow’s headline would be interesting. ‘What is it that you bought?”

Harry smirked as they walked around Diagon Alley. ‘It's an object that goes around your neck, showing off wealth and status. Or it could be something someone gave to you out of admiration, it's called a necklace.’

‘I want one.’ Harry stopped walking and did a double take, ‘what?’

‘I want a necklace. I deserve one after I just did, the clothes tasted of decrepit old man.’ This sent Harry into a fit of giggles, ‘that must have been horrible.’ Cocidius nodded his giant head, ‘Even someone as ferocious like I have refined tastes. I have standards and so should you. Stop flirting with older men, it encourages them.’ Harry saw as Cocidius was not close enough, that if Harry wasn’t careful enough he would trip. ‘I flirt so that I'm underestimated. All they see is a pretty face, someone they think they can overpower. Only to find themselves….’

Cocidius finished the sentence for him, ‘Close enough to the edge of the water, so you can sink your teeth into them and drag them into the water and rip them apart.’ Harry chuckled at Cocidius morbidity, ‘I wouldn’t exactly put it like that, but yes.’

Cocidius clicked in contentment, ‘I'm a good influence on you.’ Harry smiled down at the crocodile and he spotted a store for the upper-class society of the wizarding community. He opened the door and followed Cocidius in, and saw the unease of the clerk when she eyed Cocidius. “Hello madam, I am just looking around for something for Cocidius.”

She relaxed at his smile and blushed but then was startled at the snap of the crocodile. “Who's the lucky lady?”

Harry laughed which left the woman staring at him, “I'm sorry, lucky man?” The man before her smiled, “No it's for Cocidius, my magical crocodile. He seems to want a necklace…well it would be more like a collar for him, wouldn't it? He wants one and to be honest I'm too tired to argue.” The woman eyes Cocidius with a nervous smile and back at the man. If the crocodile was anything like it's owner it couldn't be that bad.

“O well, he's a very handsome crocodile.” She saw as the crocodile preened and found herself oddly taken even if she was still terrified. “He is. Don't say it too often though; his ego is already big enough.” She found herself giggling as the crocodile playfully nipped at its owner.

“Will then what is his favorite color?”

She heard Lord Gryffindor gasp when the crocodile said spoke to him. She had heard rumors, and many had said you would know Lord Gryffindor when you saw him especially with the giant reptile that followed him. “What did he say?”

She saw as the lord smiled gently to Cocidius, and wondered why more Purebloods weren't like him. She was sure the world would be a better place if they all smiled and were as caring as he was. “Cocidius said my eyes, the color of my eyes were his favorite.”

She smiled toward the crocodile, something she would have never imagined doing in her life. “Great taste! I think I have just the thing.”

She went into the back and picked the case holding a necklace she had looked at and imagines someone gifting it to her. She then opened the case so that Cocidius could see it, which surprised Lord Gryffindor.

“What do you think? It's one of our finer and most expensive pieces. 3 rows of crystals; 40 emerald on the top and bottom, and 40 diamonds in between. It is a necklace though so more may
have to be added, and it would need to be changed to be a collar.”

She saw as Cocidius hisses, and while it made her hairs rise up on their ends she knew he liked it. “Cocidius said you have excellent taste and I am inclined to agree.”

She blushed for he was the kindest Pureblood to enter the doors of her uncle's shop, and uncle who didn't hate her because of her blood. She was lucky that they were not as close minded, but that probably had to do something with her grandmother being from South America. “How long would it take to get it finished?”

“About two days, if you are willing to pay 10,000 galleons more.” She wondered if he had that kind of money during these trying times. “Very well then, I am willing to pay that. How much is it in total?”

She felt disbelief, “279,000 galleons, Lord Gryffindor.” He signed the slip for Gringotts and she felt great envy for the reptile besides him. “How?”

She was embarrassed and covered her traitorous mouth with her hand. Her uncle couldn't save her from her wayward tongue if this Lord took offense. Instead he smiled, “Investments and old money. I may hold an old name but that doesn't mean I can't invest in the future.” Though it was vague it was enough and she found her eyes begin to water. “Thank you, Lord Gryffindor. You are the change this world needs.”

His smile was sad as he exited, “This world should not need me. Cocidius and I will be back in two days.”

And with that the man left and she quickly closed the store and fire-called her uncle.

Harry was back safely in his manor waiting for the owl carrying the post. He really did love his mischievous crocodile.

~~~PROFESSOR ALBUS DUMBLEDORE MAKING UNWANTED ADVANCES

by Parley Skeeter

Recently Lord Gryffindor has returned to the wizarding world of Britain from travels. Many have describes him as strange and charismatic, usually with a magical crocodile in tow. Lord Gryffindor was a man who has made a big impression on those who have tested him on his N.E.W.Ts. “Truly remarkable. I expect that Lord Gryffindor had a well-rounded mentor. He is very talented and unfazed by anything I threw at him.” This was given by one of the instructors who tested him just a day after reappearing in Britain. Other Lords and Ladies who have met him have only spoken of his kind character and caring demeanor.

Yesterday many witnessed Professor Albus Dumbledore confront Lord Gryffindor and address him with familiarity. Many explained that Lord Gryffindor was taken aback by the Professor’s demeanor and horribly flustered.

I speculated Lord Gryffindor had an upbringing addressing proper etiquette of interaction in the wizarding society. To address anyone with such familiarity would imply relations of blood or intimacy.

Many onlookers then informed that Professor Dumbledore explained his mistake due to old age. Shouldn't someone who is head of house for Gryffindor, be always fully aware of Pureblood etiquette; since several of his house come from old and prestigious families.

Many also reported that the reptile accompanying Lord Gryffindor reacted badly to the Professor’s advances towards his owner. We heard from Lady Arlene Potter who was most upset by this information. Who gave insight on the event and Lord Gryffindor himself? “I do not know what is going through Albus’ head coming onto that boy. Such a nice young man, he accompanied me for tea after I mistook him for my son.” Lady Potter explained that the young Lord was very kind and a perfect gentleman. “They look quite different now that I think of it, I
think he was trying to avoid attention. He's a well-mannered young man. Harry allowed me to formally use his name, and explained to me how he came across his charming companion. He saved the young crocodile from death; the dear ran into poachers and didn’t think twice before acting. Cocidius is awfully protective of Harry; Harry explained to me Cocidius has sworn to keep all suitors away from him. I'm awfully cross with Albus, while I may not be the most avid follower of the old ways. Lord Gryffindor was raised to be a Lord, and we have to respect that."

One young woman of a shop in Diagon Alley which specializes in selling jewelry, explained that while she was weary of the crocodile when it entered the shop, while it was in the shop it was very well behaved and smitten with its owner.

We would like to welcome Lord Gryffindor back into Britain and hope that he has come to stay. We can only hope that he is not confronted by any wizard or witch trying to take advantage of his youth. We also wish any suitor to get past his protective and loyal magical crocodile.

For more information on Pureblood customs and proper etiquette………..see page 4.

Harry Potter laughed and was going to offer his thanks to Griphook for getting Rita’s ancestor to slander Dumbledore. Harry knew this Dumbledore had done nothing to him, but perhaps it would bring attention Dumbledore’s obsessiveness with Tom Riddle. And it would also keep the man from trying to recruit him for a while. He did not want to be constantly badgered by Dumbledore to join his little group of prized trophies.

Harry smiled as he saw the owl with his N.E.W.T scores. “Aren't you a pretty little thing?”

The owl trilled happily and held out its leg for Harry to take the letter. And took the treats Harry offered it and left. ‘Look Cocidius, I got all Outstandings. Sadly I feel like this will only bring more attention to me.’

Cocidius hissed, ‘I don't care, pet me.’
Hopefully the picture of Cocidius shows up, I drew it. It's just my interpretation of him. Also the fanfic that almost convinced me to make this a Newt/Harry fic is called 'Against My Nature by Araceil'; I came across it after starting this fic and it almost made this fic not focus on Tomarry, it's really good. Enjoy.
Amplification Hypothesis

Chapter Notes

This update is late. I was doing some last minute assignments. Anyways I hope you all enjoy! I am so glad a lot of you are loving this fanfic and Cocidius. Please read the end note, for a little special. I do NOT own Harry Potter! I do not have a Beta reader. Comment or Kudos! Tom MAKES an appearance!

Tom Marvolo Riddle rose before the sun lit the sky, moved gracefully across the cold stone to get ready for another day in his last year at Hogwarts. He was annoyed since the incident with the Ravenclaw student, the Dumbledore would not leave him alone. For an idiotic Gryffindor, the man was conniving and two-faced, often making Tom's life impossible. He went to the Great Hall usually before the other Slytherins, only a few of his house and Ravenclaws would show up early to breakfast. Slowly students filled in and he was surrounded by his followers. He ignored them as they talked favoring to read a new book he had bought on potions.

His reading was distracted by a choking sound; he looked up to see Avery clearing his airway. “What a pleasant way to start your day Avery, do choke more quietly.” Orion Black chuckled, “might have to do something with the paper. I still don’t understand why you aren’t subscribed to the Daily Prophet.” Tom scowled, “As I have said before, I will not pay for some gossip rag.”

Black just smiled, “maybe you should. Here look at the front page, might explain Avery’s adverse reaction.”

Tom's eyes widened as he registered the heading of the paper and quickly moved his eyes to the moving picture. It was one of Dumbledore touching the arm of a young man and then finding himself with a giant reptile attached to his robes. Tom Riddle’s mood that day improved monumentally and a smirk could be seen forming at the side of his mouth. His eyes then went back to the man this article revolved around, Lord Gryffindor. He had heard from letters that Malfoy had taken an interest in the young man.

Tom had at first scoffed at that, surely someone like Lord Gryffindor wouldn’t attract a Slytherin. He knew Abraxas often loved to collect things he considered “beautiful”. Tom knew that beautiful didn’t always mean smart, he was never one for relationships. Especially one that would be only physically fulfilling, he would not tie himself to an idiot. Abraxas on the other hand was fine as long as they pleased him in bed and were easy on the eyes. He smirked and wondered who was behind the article, was there someone with a grudge against the grandfatherly professor. He looked over to professor Dumbledore who was uncharacteristically quiet this morning, and receiving curious looks from students and colleagues alike.

Tom heard the whispers of his classmates and he knew that this article was a small blessing. After all everyone was now going to scrutinize Dumbledore’s actions more harshly, even his loyal Gryffindors.

A regal owl landed before him, he knew it was Abraxas’ owl. He quickly took the letter and the owl took his scraps and left.

My Lord,

I feel that today's headline will be of most interest to you. Some information has come into my possession about Lord Gryffindor. It would be best if I tell you in person. The outing to Hogsmeade will be this weekend, so I will see you then.

Sincerely,
Abraxas Malfoy,

Heir of the Most Ancient and Noble House Malfoy

Tom disposed of the letter and soon left for his first class of the day.

Harry was amused to say the least, at the goblins’ expression of confusion. “You wish us to conceal your N.E.W.T results? You did profoundly well, you must know that to deny access to anybody would make them extremely suspicious or come to the wrong conclusion.”

Harry grinned, “I’m counting on it. I already have more than enough attention on me, I cannot attract the wrong attention. Just because Grindelwald is not in Britain does not mean he does not have supporters recruiting here.” They knew to trust the time-travelers words but it was still so rare to see a wizard purposely sabotage themselves.

“Do not worry, if I have learned anything from my years it is how to deal with the press.”

The goblins wondered if the Wizarding World was ready for Harry Evans Gryffindor-Peverell.

Harry smiled softly at the woman before him; she had the same sickly sweet smile of Rita Skeeter. He knew that the woman was not Rita Skeeter, but the actions of her future daughter flashed before Harry’s eyes. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Skeeter.”

He saw the flush that decorated her face and smiled, “I’m very thankful you agreed to meet me, and please call me Parley.”

He hummed making her flush a little bit harder; he knew his effects on her were laughable. “How could I not meet such a beautiful woman? I was most flattered with your article. You must be one of the finest journalists Britain has to offer. I have the highest respect for someone who likes to get to the bottom of things.”

His compliments had the desired effect, and the malicious glint in her eyes softened. “T-Thank you Lord Gryffindor.”

He nodded; they were having this conversation in one of the more expensive restaurants, a place Miss Skeeter could not afford with her pay. It was a place known for its confidentiality; Skeeter was surprised as he ordered some of the finer wines. Reporters weren’t treated this well, especially reporters like Skeeter. “Please call me Hadrian, Miss Parley.”

The blush along her cheeks grew and her pupils along with it. “Lord Hadrian, I have a few questions for you. If you do not mind.”

“I would be quite welcome to answering some.”

Parley Skeeter was someone who melted within his palms, just seconds after meeting him. “It has come to my attention that your N.E.W.T scores have been concealed?”

Harry expected this, “Miss Parley you seem like someone who above all else, is a bit quicker than everyone else.”

She nodded and he continued, “All my life I have had the Gryffindor name hanging above me. I was raised to think on my feet and left to fill a role from a very young age. I grew up a Lord, Miss Parley. Every day I woke up I would learn that life wasn’t fair. My mentor taught me the intricacy of the Pureblood society and magic the hard way. My entire childhood I was exposed, and so I learned the value of keeping to myself. My N.E.W.T scores would bring unwanted attention to me, especially in these times.”

He saw the sympathy Skeeter held for him in her eyes, and knew that he had won. “I did not want to hide this from you. So I can give you a look at my results, but I do ask you to help me Miss
Parley. I do not want to be involved in a war, but I do want to allow the wizarding world to flourish.”

She smiled at him, “I think I can help you Lord Hadrian.”

~~~ A Very Kind Heart

By Parley Skeeter

After the scandal of Professor Dumbledore, a staff member of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. This reporter has chosen to interview the very man we have all been trying to know more about. Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor was more than happy to give the Daily Prophet an exclusive interview.

Skeeter: Hello Lord Gryffindor, thank you for meeting me today.

Lord Gryffindor: It is a pleasure, please call me Hadrian. I have learned a lot from Britain's wizarding world since my leave from your informative articles.

Skeeter: Why thank you, Lord Hadrian. So can you tell us a bit about yourself? And perhaps about your family?

Lord Gryffindor: Well there isn't anything special about me. Other than my parents and godfather passing away tragically almost a year after I was born.

Skeeter: You have my sympathies.

Lord Gryffindor: I have come to terms with their deaths, Miss Parley. Other than that I have come to back to Britain recently and have adopted a magical crocodile.

Skeeter: Yes, there has been much speculation about the crocodile. How did you come across it?

Lord Gryffindor: I met Cocidius being recaptured by poachers. Once I saved him he decided that he would look after me.

Skeeter: Look after you?

Lord Gryffindor: Yes. Cocidius is quite the mother hen. He's decided that he would protect me, even from myself.

Skeeter: And suitors?

Lord Gryffindor: Yes. I find it charming. Cocidius might look fierce but he's as harmless as a lethifol.

Skeeter: Those aren’t necessarily harmless. What plans do you have for magical creatures, since you seem to have such a soft spot for them?

Lord Gryffindor: I know of how traditional Britain is….but I want to bring into attention certain aspects that I think with change could benefit the wizarding society as a whole. Magical creatures like Cocidius being exploited often has torn me apart, I hate seeing anyone fearing for their lives. Even if you are not fond of magical creatures as a whole, everyone benefits from their existence in magical Britain. House elves working in wizarding homes, thestrals pulling carriages in Hogwarts, and how the eighty percent of potion ingredients come from magical creatures. Through my travels I have seen animals being exploited and even driven to extinction for resources that one could still get without the cost of the lives of the creatures. What is the wizarding world going to do when they have no more resources, to make essential potions that save lives or can be used for wand cores.
I have to say readers Lord Gryffindor left me with a lot to think about. I see why Lady Potter and many spoke so highly of him; he has a very kind heart. Lord Gryffindor has also asked for his privacy to be respected, and we will be rewarded by more knowledge about this dashing young Lord. I hope we at the Daily Prophet get to hear from him soon.

Harry knew he had now accepted the consequences of time-traveling and knew he should be expecting a lot of owls. He laughed as Cocidius put his head on his chest telling to shut up and sleep.

Tom Riddle looked at the article and saw the man was well versed in the politics of Purebloods. He looked to see the nodding of his fellow classmates, and knew that this Lord might affect his plans in the future. Perhaps, Abraxas could find out the Lord’s views. “He has a point you know. Imagine not having any more materials to make wands, I would like to see my siblings get a wand.” Avery agreed with Orion which was a miracle all of its own. “How is Abraxas going to bed him, with a giant reptile with so many pointy teeth standing between them?” Some snickered while others ignored what the young Black said.

Chapter End Notes

So I am not updating this coming week, I am taking a break. But like the last time I will give you a question to solve, which allows you to choose the update day for the following week March 19th-24th and will also gets a drawing to go along with it if you get my question right! Good Luck!

Cocidius is keeping something from Harry, can you guess what it is?
Cocidius was bathing in the sun, one of the rare moments Britain provided anything besides drizzle or clouds. He would let Cocidius enjoy his moment, “Tipsy, I’ll be going out. If Cocidius starts hissing tell him I’m at the bank.” He was surprised the Goblins asked him to confirm that amount of galleons he was spending on a jeweled collar. They probably thought someone forged his signature; it was annoying that he had to go to the bank but at least It showed they cared. As he walked into the bank it did not surprise him to find Griphook waiting for him with a stern look.

“Lord Hadrian, we would like to confirm this transaction. If it is not…” Harry smiled and held his hand up, “it is a transaction of mine, Griphook. Cocidius has a very fine taste; honestly I don’t know who he takes after.”

The goblin knew wizards were strange but this just reaffirmed his belief that they were too troublesome for their own good.

“I also need two other things done. One is a business another is a little favor.” Griphook regarded the smirk on Lord Hadrian's face but allowed the man before him to continue. “I would like to bet on a few quidditch teams. And I need you to when Heir Malfoy comes upon us to say I've lost more than I've gained in my gambling adventures.”

Griphook had a suspicion that perhaps the boy knew on which teams to bet on, but surely not all the way in these time period. “We do not make it a custom to lie, Lord Hadrian.”

The smirk never left the wizard’s lips, but his eyes gleened making the goblin shudder at thinking the danger this human posed just like the spell who shared the same color. “Then don't think of it as lying Griphook. Think of it as misdirection. Or if you wish business, take 100 galleons from my account as payment.”

Against all good judgement Griphook agreed which made the young wizard smile.

Harry felt the magical signature grow closer as Griphook droned on about odds of who was to win. He expected Malfoy to become invested in him, but the boy literally had informants of when Harry appeared anywhere where Abraxas could convincingly show up unexpectedly. Harry almost felt bad for what he was about to do. He turned his attention to the teams and players, and then stopped Griphook. Ron had been so quidditch obsessed that Harry knew which teams to bet on since it was invented. Griphook was writing down the teams when Abraxas approached him.

“Greetings, Lord Gryffindor.”

Harry paused before he turned around informing that those were all the quidditch teams he was betting on for now. Abraxas was good at hiding his surprise, but after being around Draco allowed him to see through the Malfoy mask. “Greetings Malfoy, please call me Hadrian. Lord Gryffindor always makes me sound so old.”

Harry paused before he turned around informing that those were all the quidditch teams he was betting on for now. Abraxas was good at hiding his surprise, but after being around Draco allowed him to see through the Malfoy mask. “Greetings Malfoy, please call me Hadrian. Lord Gryffindor always makes me sound so old.”

Abraxas took his hand and kissed the top, “My mistake, Hadrian. Call me Abraxas in return.”

Harry wondered if all the charm died with Abraxas, he allowed for the blood to rush to his cheeks.

“Please sign, Lord Hadrian.”

Taking his hand out of Abraxas’ grasp, he turned around and signed the amount he bet on each
“Are you a quidditch fan, Hadrian?”

Harry nodded, “I am, Abraxas. I have to say I usually have a good instinct on which teams to bet on.”

Harry tapped three times on the wooden desk signaling Griphook to speak. “Lord Hadrian lately you’ve lost more than you’ve gained in your good instincts.”

Harry chuckled, “maybe my luck is about to change. Besides winning money is only one part of the thrill. Have a good day Griphook.” Abraxas was walking by his side, and Harry let him. “May I join you to wherever you are going next?” Harry smiled, “You’re more than welcome to Abraxas, but I have a feeling that I could hardly stop you if I wanted to.”

Harry enjoyed bringing down the Malfoy heir’s defenses enough to cause them to show emotion in public. The man blushed so much; Harry thought he might have a fever. “Where are you going?”

Harry led the way into the shop and was greeted by the young woman from last time. “Lord Gryffindor we just got the confirmation from Gringotts and it’s ready. I don’t see Cocidius.”

“I left him at the manor to enjoy the sun. I will tell him he has an admirer.” Her eyes darted to Abraxas, “You’re more than welcome to Abraxas, but I have a feeling that I could hardly stop you if I wanted to.”

Harry watched with interest that Lord Gryffindor treated everyone he met with such kindness and trust, he was truly the opposite if his Lord. He saw the metallic case she put in a bag for him, it was one used only for clients who bought one of the most expensive products in the shop.

“Cocidius is a lucky crocodile.”

Harry looked up to the blond man and smiled softly in agreement. “He is, and I must be going back soon before he throws a fit.”

Abraxas did not want to see the emerald eyed man go. “What is the other part of the thrill?”

Hadrian stopped right in his tracks, “What thrill is there besides winning money?” With this Harry came close to softly whisper in his ear that lingered with its hiss.

“Being right, Abraxas.”

Abraxas felt his knees weak and before he could act Hadrian left with a small pop.

Harry was back in his manor and immediately heard the familiar hissing. “Cocidius!”

“Don’t Cocidius me! You left once again without me just to run into one of those wizards high on hormones. I can smell it on you!” Harry was for once rethinking his choice of keeping a large reptile in his home. ‘Cocidius, I went out to bring you something. Look!’

The crocodile saw as his human opened a metal box to see his large collar lying inside. ‘Put it on me.’ Harry laughed and obliged the large crocodile. ‘You look dashing Cocidius. If I ever have to attend a ball, now I can take you as my date.’ The crocodile purred in contentment at Harry’s bright smile, ‘You will take me everywhere with you. You attract trouble, like a wounded animal.’

Harry enjoyed as Cocidius swam with his new collar on, it was amusing to see the shine of the crystals glimmer the closer he got to the surface.

Harry smiled and was then dive-bombed by a familiar owl that nuzzled against him. It was the Potter owl and saw it was from his great grandmother.
Dear Hadrian,

I know this is late but I apologize for my husband's stupidity. I expressed that only he was to meet you but was pressured into letting other family heads in on our private tea party. I still need to ask you to expand on what you meant by ‘dragons’ at the Gringotts bank, young man. I would like to invite you to meet my brother-in-law Lord Charlus Potter and his wife Lady Dorea Potter, and their son Emery Potter. This time I promise only my family will be in attendance. I reiterate, I would like to you to meet my brother-in-law, who was out of London the last time you came. There is a portkey attached for tomorrow at noon since your floo not yet being in service. I hope to see you.

Cocidius is invited to join, he seems quite attached to you and Emery would love to see him.

Sincerely,

Arlene Mary Potter

Member of the Most Ancient and Noble House Potter

Harry remembered hearing about Charlus son who died at a young age and wondered if he could do anything to help the boy. If he remembered correctly the boy had died of a sickness whose cure would be found a decade later, a sickness that Teddy had caught. Hermione had asked him for help to make the potion, he had saved the rest of the batch and preserved it just in case any future incidents. So he would only have to convince the parents into letting him give their child a potion they have never heard of……great.

Cocidius was now walking towards him hissing for information. ‘Would you like to meet more of my family Cocidius? You have to promise to behave, there will be a child in their midst this time. No suitors, sadly.’ Cocidius hissed, ‘I know how to act around hatchlings. Good, last thing you need is more interactions with males high on hormones.’

Tom Riddle was waiting at the Hogsmeade for Abraxas, the rest of the knights were already here due to them still not graduating. Most were going to graduate this year along with Tom. He saw as the pale blond man entered and locked onto their location. “Greeting Abraxas, nice to see you could join us. I do know you are busy with being at the ministry most of the time.”

“Yes, my lord. I ran into Lord Hadrian Gryffindor yesterday.”

Tom saw as everyone leaned in curious to what Malfoy had to say. “He was at the bank betting on quidditch teams; it seems he doesn't mind losing a bit of money. So he must be well off financially.”

Tom found himself repulsed at this, a big flaw in many Purebloods. Tom never saw the purpose of betting unless there was absolute certainty in earning interest, and of all thing quidditch. “He also bought one of the most expensive pieces of jewelry in a shop of Diagon Alley, the one that is run by muggle lovers.”

Tom wondered if that was enough for Abraxas to overlook Lord Gryffindor. Orion Black commented, “Lord Gryffindor has enough money to gamble and decorate his pet crocodile, no wonder father is interested in him.” Tom saw the distaste Abraxas gave Orion and figured that he was still interested in the young lord. “He speaks Parseltongue, as well my Lord. He said it was gifted to his family by Slytherin himself, and that is skips generations.”

Tom felt annoyed that he did not know anything about this. He didn't like that fact that a Gryffindor had a Slytherin trait, “did he explain how he knows this information.”

Abraxas nodded and continued, “He said that he has journals kept by Gryffindor, but the ritual was not written down and lost to time.”

Tom grit his teeth he never found any journals of Slytherin, even it was Gryffindor’s journal, Tom knew how to appreciate history.
“Abraxas I still want you to see what his views are; I don't care how you do it.”

Avery said with laughter, “it'll be interesting pillow talk, if you don't get eaten by his pet crocodile.”

“A reptile won't stand between me and something I want.” Orion laughed, “You have to compete against father, and personally I don't see the appeal.” Lestrange spoke before Abraxas could, “that's because you're head over heels over Walburga. I can see the appeal, but the man is a Gryffindor do you really think he would sleep with a Slytherin.”

Tom rolled his eyes at how childish this conversation had become, “enough...I don't personally care for the man as long as he doesn't become an obstacle in our plan. For all I care you can all have him as a bed partner. So please let's move onto other matters.”

The others soon agreed and began talking about the growing threat of Grindelwald and the obstacles they would be facing in taking over the ministry. Tom repeatedly expressed his hatred of Albus and the growing problem the teacher was becoming.

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Chapter End Notes

It's gonna happen, the flower crown that is. Harry is purposely making a bad impression on Tom.......I find it very funny. Sorry. I was thinking of selling my art, mainly because I need income and my former supervisor was a bitch and the reason I
quit my job. However, I never sell my artwork because I doubt myself a lot and it never gets off the ground. I'm not selling anything right now, but I have an Instagram where you guys can check out the artwork I do have posted. Maybe I should start using my Tumblr profile I never use. I literally have nothing posted on this: https://intern15-at-nightvale.tumblr.com/

Instagram: Username is zukiri (the bio is a Sherlock quote lol)
Harry was up early that morning to do his daily working out routine, another thing he still kept from training to be an Auror. He didn't want to get complacent or get soft around the middle, because his figure was great for flying. He had his broom gifted to him by Sirius and flew around for a moment before one of the elves signaled that breakfast was ready. “Master Harry should eat before it is getting cold.” All the elves were doing a delightful job of bringing the manor to its former glory.

“Linky did you manage to finish it?”

Linky bobbed its head up and down feverishly, “O yes, I managed to finish the stuffed rep-telly for the little Heir Potter you be going to see.”

Harry beamed just as brightly as the small house-elf before him. “It's perfect! I'll just enchant it with the little trick Hermione taught me.” It was a simple rune Hermione had showed him, it allowed for the stuffed animal to gain the desired temperature to make the person comfortable. He etched the ruin into the stuffed animal with some thread and a needle, and then spelled it to be practically indestructible. “Master Harry would be a good father; hopefully you bless this household with child soon. So we can take care of it.” Harry blushed and stuttered, “O… I don't think that will happen anytime soon with Cocidius around.”

“Where is Cocidius? By the way, this morning has been too quiet.” Endis chirped in this time, “I fed rep-telly rest of his food, before he leave with Master Harry. Rep-telly is in one of the greenhouses bathing in light.”

“Thank you, Endis. I'll have to inform him we will be leaving soon. You have also done a wonderful job with the greenhouses, best quality I've seen in a while, my friend Neville would be proud.” The little elf practically burst into tears and Harry gave him a pat as he left to go find his crocodile.

“Cocidius. It is almost time for us to leave.”

The large reptile turned slowly towards his human, obviously enjoying the warmth of the greenhouse.

“The small creature fed me a while ago; it has settled enough to go through the disturbing ways wizards travel.” Harry chuckled, “look at the bright side Cocidius we aren't using the floo again, since we don't have a working one in this mansion.”

“Good riddance,” Cocidius snapped and Harry told Cocidius to climb into a chest he had enchanted to make this way of traveling easier. After a lot of coaxing, mainly promises of food and pampering Cocidius got into the enlarged box. Harry then shrunk it and secured it in one of pocket of his robes, and used the portkey.

He managed to land on his feet but it was not the best of entrances. He quickly let Cocidius out whose complaints were interrupted by a familiar voice.

“Hadrian! I'm so glad you decided to come even after the last get together was a catastrophe
because of my foolish husband. Come! Charlus and Dorea are so excited to meet you.”

She dragged him through the Potter Manor, a manor he hadn't seen before, only fragments from Sirius memories. “And my little nephew is also excited to meet you, and your darling crocodile.”

He could practically feel Cocidius’ pleasure at those words, as he crawled right behind them. “I am delighted to meet more of your family Arlene. And I thank you for inviting Cocidius as well.”

“I saw how much he cared for you. I have to admit I was also hoping it would help cheer up Emery. The poor babe has been a sickly child since birth, but lately he has been constantly sick...it causes all of us some heartbreak to see he can't be like the other children his age.”

“ Might I ask what his symptoms are?”

Arlene paused before they entered the parlor, “he's having pains in his chest and coughing. Poor child tries to be brave for Charlus and Dorea, but you can see he's tired. The healers are trying their best but...nothing they have tried as of yet has worked.”

Harry knew he needed to convince Charlus and Dorea Potter to allow him to give their child a potion. He would have to play his cards well because Harry was still a stranger to this couple.

“Through my travels I was in a village in South America. When I was there, there were unusually heavy rains and a drop in temperature afterwards a lot of children sick. Perhaps if I can examine Emery and I can confirm my theory, and I can provide a potion that will help him.”

He expected suspicion in Arlene’s eyes but instead he received a bone crushing hug. “O Hadrian! Running into you is the best thing that has happened to this family in a while. I'll inform Dorea and Charlus of this. I'm sure they will be ecstatic.”

She opened the door and Henry was laughing along with his brother, while Dorea watched them with a fond smile. Her eyes darted to the young boy who had a small book in his hands, trying his best to decipher the print on the pages. “My love, you've brought our guest! I was sure you were going to spirit him away to see your lovely garden.”

“O hush, Henry...if anyone is going to spirit this young man away it would be that young Malfoy.” Harry couldn't help but blush at Arlene’s words but it caused the rest to laugh. All were surprised with the excited screech that excited the small boy when he saw Cocidius. The young boy overcame his nervousness of Cocidius size and walked slowly towards the direction of the large reptile. Harry quickly looked to Emery’s parents who showed worry and amusement. Harry quickly lowered himself to the height of the small child, “Hello you must be the Emery I've heard about. I'm Hadrian Gryffindor but you can call me Harry. Can you tell me how old you are?”

The small boy smiled and his pale blue eyes simmered with curiosity. “I am six, is that your crocodile?”

Harry hummed and nodded, “He sure is. He seems scary, but Cocidius is very nice when it comes to children. I've told him to be on his best behavior. If he ever does something you don't like, all you have to do is give him a kiss and he'll stop.”

Emery giggled and moved toward the crocodile to pet him. Harry was holding back a laugh as he saw Emery struggle to climb Cocidius. “I have something for you Emery, since it's always polite to bring a gift.” The little boy turned back to the man with a kind smile and waited impatiently. Harry took out the stuffed animal that could be identified as a crocodile. The little boy quickly took it with delight and meekly whispered an awed thank you. ‘You are just going to leave me here to be climbed like a rock for sunbathing!’

‘Yes. Now be nice Cocidius.’ He smiled as Cocidius got a kiss from the small boy who seemed to think the large reptile was mad at Harry. He heard as Emery whispered to Cocidius, “It's okay. Harry is just going to the table to talk grown-up talk. He'll be back and maybe he can play with us.”

He saw as the adults were all practically beaming at him. “O you would make a great father Harry.”
“That is the second time someone has told me that today.” Dorea smiled, “and who was the first?”

Harry sighed, “my house-elves.” They laughed, “I have to say they have a point, you are very good with children and thank you for giving Emery such a beautiful gift.”

Arlene paused the laughter, “is it alright if we call you Harry, I know you only gave Emery the permission.”

“It is fine. I am more comfortable with Harry anyways.”

“So Arlene said you had something to say to us about Emery’s recent sickness.” Harry paused before he spoke, looking back at the boy who had succeeded on climbing on Cocidius back. “I have a few questions to ask you before I can confirm what it is. I do not want to give you false hopes, and I am not attacking you as parents.”

They nodded and Charlus gripped his young wife’s hand. “Lately has Emery been soaked by rain or during a bath, and then found himself in cold temperatures.” Dorea’s eyebrows scrunched together thinking back trying to think if this had happened. “We had a caretaker who explained he escaped outside under her nose and play in the rain. She said she wasn't sure how long he had been playing outside, after that he got sick. We let her go.”

Harry nodded, “I just have to listen to his breathing, to make sure, if you both give me permission…of course.” He thanked Merlin that the Goblins thought to give him a mediwizard licence he had supposedly earned in the States. It was a different thing to be to say he was trained as an Auror and to prove so. “I can use a charm on Emery to see if he is allergic to any ingredients in the potion.”

Charlus smiled, “We've only heard good things about you Lord Gryffindor, and now we can see that Emery is in good hands.” They heard the young boy coughing harshly right after that. Cocidius walked towards Harry with the small boy in his back, ‘you might want to treat the hatching soon.’

Harry picked up Emery and sat him upon a chair, “hey buddy, I'm going to listen to your lungs and if I hear what it is I'm going to give you some potions to make you feel better okay.” Emery nodded and Harry had his Phoenix wand in his hand and listened and heard what he expected. Then cast a quick spell to scan for possible allergies, one he had used before on Teddy.

“Emery, I'm going to tell you something important. You have to be careful when you go play out in the rain when it's cold okay. If you do play in the rain and it's cold, you should tell your mom and dad, do you know why?”

Emery shook his head, “so that you can enjoy the best part, and it’s not jumping in puddles. It's having them prepare a nice warm bath with bubbles and toys. Okay?”

Emery nodded and Harry took out from his pocket a chest, “Engorgio.”

As he opened it he heard the gasps coming from the four adults behind him. “This potion is to help with the mild fever you have and the pain. I made it taste better than it usually does; between you and me the ones you buy usually taste like smelly socks.” Laughter followed his statement and the boy took the potion without hesitation. “This potion will help get rid of the yucky stuff in your lungs okay. You might cough to get the stuff out; it won't hurt but once you finish you'll feel a lot better.”

Dorea encouraged her son to take the potion and Harry soon conjured napkins and a small bucket. When Emery finished he was tired and sleepy but he looked healthier than when Harry got there. Arlene put her child to sleep on the loveseat in the parlor. As soon as he closed his eyes she attacked the young lord with a hug. “Thank you.” Harry was stunned but saw the obvious relief in their eyes. “I know that we are in your debt Harry. Emery means the world to me and to finally see him better than he has been this past week brings my heart great joy. If my family can ever be of service then we will do whatever is in our power to help you.”
Cocidius was by his side brushing against his leg, “I'm glad I could just help, you don't owe me anything. You already trusted me with helping your child and that's enough.”

“O my dear, you are too kind. Come the elves have prepared lunch. I'm sure Emery will want to see you when he wakes.”

Dorea had him by the arm and led him back to the table, “Mindy bring the food to the parlor, and we will be eating here while Emery sleeps.”

“The chest, are you responsible for all of those potions?”

Harry ate from the plate that appeared before him, “Yes. Technically I could be considered a potion master but I was too busy to complete that. Traveling the world often cuts your time short.”

“Are you going to complete it? I can only imagine that would make you the youngest potion master ever.” Harry shook his head, “I do not need the recognition in these times, it is too dangerous at the moment.” He could not tell them that the title belonged to another, a person who had yet to be born.
So any sketches that I draw for this fanfic will be uploaded few days early to my tumblr and instagram account!
Edit: I've been told that it wasn't quite believable for them to accept Harry giving their kid a potion and no questions being asked. Which is true to a point, but Emery would have died of pneumonia if not treated (from what I researched Charlus' kid died young). You get desperate when trying to cure a disease and I would know, my mother had cancer. People back then tried even more outrageous things than they do now, e.g fin soup and being anti-vaccine. You guys should check out the ridiculous things people thought could cure rabies.
Harry would have never thought in a thousand years that he would find himself sitting with his
great grandparents. Or just having saved Emery Potter, which meant Fleamont, was no longer
going to be the Potter Lord in the future. Harry knew that the Potters were a kind family and
Charlus had cared greatly for Fleamont after the death of his own child. He told himself that
Fleamont would still be well off even if he was not the Potter heir. Harry had heard from Sirius
how much the power pureblood family names had in the past, before many families suffered from
war. And he had experienced it himself; the Gryffindor name was not something to be thrown
around lightly.

“Speaking of family, Harry are you going to the Malfoy Yule Ball?”

That certainly snapped Harry's attention back to the conversation, “I'm not a big fan of….” Arlene
smiled, “O nonsense, I'm pretty sure you've been to plenty Harry. How could you have not been
invited to several, I'm sure you have had more admirers than Malfoy and Black.”

“Well yes, but that doesn't necessarily mean I enjoy them. I haven't had the best experiences with
formal balls.” Dorea nodded understanding the young man's weariness with these elite get-
togethers. “I'm sure Emery would love to go as your company. You won't be required to take a
partner, I'm sure if you did the Malfoy heir would be disappointed.” Harry's small blush made the
men chuckle at the young lord's predicament. “Or you could take Cocidius, he seems well
mannered enough. And I'm sure the Malfoys would not be opposed to him being there.”

“Besides it would be a great opportunity to meet Fleamont, I've been telling him about you. And
he seems really interested in meeting you, and I can't blame the boy. He's heard so much about
you from the daily prophet and me.”

Dorea then interrupted, “I'm sure he'll be just as enamored with you as Emery is.” Charlus nodded
in agreement with his wife, “I'm sure Dorea would love to introduce you to some of her family.”

“I've heard you've caught Arcturus’ eye, and I feel as though you should be aware he has children
already.” Harry smiled at Dorea because he understood what she was saying; she was implying
that he would be investing into his children too. “No worries Dorea. I have no interest in Arcturus.
I do not think I will be taking a spouse anytime soon.”

“Well you do have time Harry. I'm sure someone will come along and catch your eye, or you'll
catch theirs. I can set you an appointment with one of the tailors in Diagon Alley, I'm sure you'll
look dashing in any color. But make sure you pick something that brings out your eyes, dear.”

Harry smiled as they continued to talk about the ball and wondering who else would be invited.
Part of Harry felt sorrow for the destruction the war has caused the Potter family, and the thought
that time wore down heavily on the joyous and laid back atmosphere around today.

He felt Cocidius’ snout bump his leg, ‘the hatchling is waking, you should check on it.’ Harry
smiled softly at Cocidius’ thoughtfulness, and rose stopping all conversation at the table. He saw
as little Emery started to yawn and his hands left the stuffed toy in order to rub his sleepy eyes.
Emery blinked up at the kind emerald eyes and gave him a shy smile. “Hey Emery, how are you feeling?”

“Better,” he saw from the corner of his eye as Dorea hugged her husband in relief. “That’s great. Are you hungry?” Emery nodded and Harry carried him to a chair at the table still full of food. “Emery, you can have dessert once you’ve had enough. I’m so proud of you; you were so strong and brave.” Dorea hugged her son tightly and then let him go so he could eat by himself. The little boy ate and would try to share with Cocidius who had already been fed that morning. He whispered in Emery’s ear, “Cocidius already ate, maybe next time you can help me feed him.”

Emery’s smile almost blinded him, and he saw as the Potters basically gave him that look. It was a look that the Weasleys had once given him when he was younger, but this time he recognized it and didn’t take it for pity. They had officially adopted him, so much for not getting too attached and involved with the Potters. Harry smiled as Emery pulled him away from the adults after eating some desserts.

Harry was prepared for many things, those things usually evolved death eaters and a dark lord. It did not prepare him for a crying five year old intent on Harry and Cocidius to go home with him. “Sweetie, Harry and Cocidius have to go home.” Emery’s tears grew larger at those words, “how about we make a deal Emery? You go home with your parents and I’ll make sure to visit with Cocidius one day. Besides, Cocidius would miss you so much I bet he would love to see you again soon.” And with those words the small stream of tears stopped, “promise?”


Tom was annoyed it seemed all anyone could talk about was the Gryffindor lord. Apparently the Daily Prophet was not up to date on all of Lord Gryffindor’s amazing feats. Earlier this morning the Gryffindor table was abuzz with gossip that no other table seemed to be in on. Orion Black was sometimes worse than his intended with knowing the latest gossip. He was pouting that they obviously weren’t sharing what seemed to make them so active this dreary cool morning. Orion had enough and much to his others’ protests went to the table across from them. Apparently, Fleamont Potter was the source of all the chatter and Tom knew that he used his connection to his distant cousin.

He saw the gleam in Black’s eyes, as Potter told him the gossip. This just showed how foolish Gryffindors were in giving information that should have been kept from others knowing.

It practically hurt Tom to see Black basically skip back to their table, clearly enjoying knowing something the rest of the school were still unaware of. “O spit it out Orion, before you implode.” Avery sneered but they knew he was interested about the possible gossip as well.

“It seems that the Lord Gryffindor saved the Potter heir. His mother informed him that his cousin was recovering well from an unknown illness that the Gryffindor lord knew of. The man is apparently a certified mediwitch back in the States. Walburga, you should contact cousin Dorea and get all the details.” He saw as the older Black lifted her petite nose in the air, “Cousin Dorea isn’t the one for gossip, you should know that Orion.” It fooled no one; Walburga would probably have a letter out before noon.

The only good thing about the Gryffindor lord was the fact that he brought attention to Dumbledore’s actions. Lately, many seemed to evaluate the man’s actions with a critical eye. Making the old fool leave him alone and stop blaming for every little bad thing that happened in the castle. “Walburga….I am surprised to see you coming from the owlery.” Walburga smiled coldly at him, she was one of the few that never kissed the grown Tom walked on. “O yes, well I was just asking Cousin Dorea about any places she could recommend to buy a new dress for the Malfoy Yule Ball. You are going, Tom?”

“I don’t know where else I would be, Abraxas drags me there each year.”
‘I'm sure ‘drags’ is a bit too harsh of a word Tom, but you are correct about one thing. Where else would you be?’ Tom’s magic remained controlled even if under his skin it seethed and wished to rip at her flesh. “You should be careful Tom; although, you may have many of the Slytherins approval you still do not have all the ones that really matter. Orion is a fool, but he believes in you. And even if I will never see him as my husband, he is still family.”

Tom was angered but controlled his fury; he could not attack someone like Walburga Black and not expect some retribution. Even Orion would be affronted over that, he was heads over heels for her even if she didn't return his feelings. Tom never understood that, why people were so willing to be so weak all for some other insignificant person. The window he was near cracked and he reigned in his magic before he demolished the site around him. Eventually people that looked down upon him like Walburga Black, would bow at his feet and beg for mercy.

It was now the middle of November and Cocidius was now used to having a small child climb him every now and then. They had kept their word to Emery Potter and in return they got a bright smile from the small boy. Harry would often give him checkups in order to make sure his health was stable and Dorea insisted that one day she would return the favor. “I hope you have found something for the ball Harry.”

Harry nodded as he saw Emery and Cocidius play out in the grass, the Potters had fixed their mansion to have a consistent warm temperature for Emery’s comfort. “O no worries, I took care of that myself.” Dorea’s eyebrows lifted slightly, “pardon me?”

Harry looked at Dorea and then pointed to his cloak, “I have a very adventurous life as you can tell, and by that I mean trouble often finds me. I went through many cloaks when I traveled with my mentor, so I decided to make one. I made this and it so far has lasted me the longest and is still in quality condition.”

Dorea gasped, “O my! And here I thought this was made by a shop. Harry, you never cease to amaze me! Can I see what you have planned to wear?”

Harry nodded and took out the outfit making Dorea almost shriek, and for a woman who was a Black that was telling. “It’s so beautiful; it matches well with Cocidius necklace.” Harry nodded. “Cocidius was insistent that I look respectable enough if I were to bring him to the ball.” This made Dorea giggle; she missed having someone around her age to talk to. She might be older than Harry but something about him just gave the feeling that he understood you, something that came with age. The outer cloak was a deep emerald that almost matched Harry’s eyes, with gold thread delicately and intricately woven in order to make a dragon, which glided on the back of the cloak. In the front a crocodile was on the left side and the right a lion, on the inside there were pockets not visible to anyone but the owner. The shirt was a clean white dress shirt with a tie matching the color of the cloak. Dark black dress pants were accompanied by midnight shoes that sparkled with gold when the light hit them just right. It was all enchanting since Dorea stared in wonder as the three beasts moved around the clothes as if they were not made of thread at all.
Chapter End Notes

I think I am going to be selling art soon, and I might make my own website because I don’t really like Etsy’s setup. And I personally think that having a website, might make it easier for me to take requests and whatnot. But I made prints available of this one art with Cocidius and Nagini. You can either go buy it at Fine Arts America where I made another version. You aren’t obligated to buy anything, but you can go ahead and look. I might sell the original drawing when I have the site set up. Either way I hoped you enjoyed the chapter!

Fine Arts America: https://fineartamerica.com/profiles/zurisadai-rodriguez.html
Hello Readers, I actually wasn't going to update this weekend but this is me procrastinating studying for finals lol. Fenrir Greyback is seen in this chapter and we see Harry being Harry. I hope you all like it! Comments and Kudos are appreciated. I DO NOT own Harry Potter. I do NOT have a beta. Enjoy the sketch of the suit and coat Harry is going to wear to the ball.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry found himself more often coming into Gringotts checking on the dragons and the progress of the manufactured environments for them. Or talking with Griphook behind the doors of the bank, he did not want to run into Abraxas until the Yule ball.

“Greetings Lord Peverell.”

It took Harry by surprise to see the head goblin meet him this time and call him by that name. “I'm surprised to see you here Ironclaw, not that it isn't a pleasure. I assume you've come to inquire a few things.”

The goblin before him seemed grim but Harry knew they were never one for smiles and compliments. “We do not wish to know of the future, and our nation feels as though quite a few things have changed. We are interested in the purpose of buying land with the winnings of your little gambling endeavors.”

Harry smiled and slumped in the chair, “o I thought you were going to chide me for betting money, like Griphook usually does. Usually he rants about wizard’s memory being less than optimal. Anyways, I'm buying land to make sure if the magical communities don't make progression towards conservation of species, then I will take it into my hands to do so.”

He saw as the head goblin stared at him making sure he wasn't jesting. “You are aware that we have associates that have trouble expanding their ability to mine due to Wizarding laws and such.”

Harry was keenly aware that dwarves and goblins often worked together, it was the one fact that perhaps stayed with him from being taught about the goblin wars. “If goblins help you invest in lands around Europe and outside of it, are you willing to let our associates mine for natural resources?”

Harry chuckled, “if I have nothing against dragons, Ironclaw. Why would I be prejudice against dwarves? I would be more than willing to receive aid from the Goblin Nation. Of course, I would make it a necessity for them to understand that their mining doesn't hurt the environment, and they will probably share the land with other magical creatures.”

Ironclaw was once again surprised about how much of a bleeding heart this young wizard had, even with the scars he carried. Their healer had seen memories of him and she grew haunted with the wounds he carried in his soul. He would never forget her words, “That child, he has survived something that not even the most experienced warrior could. Even Myrddin would have had difficulty from his soul being mutilated and torn.”

“I do not see why that could not be done. A contract will be made as soon as possible; you are slowly becoming the owner of most lands across Europe already. How much do you wish to expand the goblin nation will do what we can.”

Harry smirked, “all around the world, we can target lands with indigenous groups that are being
encroached on. Places where species are becoming more endangered. I would also make it possible for vampires and werewolves to relocate if they wish onto these lands. They can maintain the lands and make sure there is a peace between them through a treaty or contract.”

Ironclaw had already called upon several others to take notes and begin the research immediately. He knew that time was essential and so did Harry, this would help werewolves and vampires lose the infamy they gained for supporting Grindelwald in the war.

Behind the doors of Gringotts excitement was brewing, many purchases had easily been made in the parts of Latin America, New Zealand, Australia, India, Africa and Canada. The land that had the Gryffindor seal upon it grew, and they were working on gaining land in America. Harry was almost every day in November meeting indigenous magical groups and with helps of the goblins explaining that he would protect their land and way of living from outsiders. He also offered to make them wards in order to not to come into contact with muggles, which most accepted. Werewolves and vampires were applying left and right on all continents to be part of his relocation program, where they would be treated fairly and have a way of life without being hunted or mistreated. He saw a familiar name grace one of the applications: Fenrir Greyback.

He also got help from the goblins in mass producing the necessary blood potions for vampires and a potion invented by him and Hermione to allow werewolves transform with all their mental facilities. This was funded through the generosity of the Goblins for increase in minerals with the help of the dwarves.

Each day there was something new to do, he was working with a woman hired by the goblins in Egypt to make an object where any group living on any land could contact him or the goblins if they were in need of help.

One day Harry woke up with Cocidius giant snout on him, preventing him from moving anywhere. “Cocidius…”

He heard the bellowing of the crocodile, ‘you need to slow down. You are exhausting yourself. Every day you get up before the sun and come back when it's dark. You spend magic which needs time to replenish, the goblins can handle if you don't come every other day. And if they can't then they aren't worth what you are paying them.’

Harry laughed and hugged Cocidius which was in his plus sized bed. Sleeping in sounded nice, ‘you're just jealous, I don't take you every day.’

He remembered how scared the one leader in the jungles had been at seeing a creature like Cocidius not eating him. They had been astounded and even asked him to stay with him for his ability to talk to snakes and other reptiles. Harry had forgotten that the fear of Parseltongue in Britain had been caused by Voldemort. Harry got no closer to solving the mystery that was Cocidius, and the reptile took great joy in it. They had mentioned they had seen creatures like Cocidius but none were magical, and Harry wondered if Cocidius was the last of his kind.

‘I bet you aren't even aware of the date today is.’ Harry smiled as Cocidius continued to lecture him about the proper resting periods appropriate for reptiles. ‘It's……

.....a day......in early December.’

Cocidius bellows made it appear he was laughing which he probably was. “Harry it is the day before the flower smelling man's ball. Though he also smells like some type of tasty bird.”

‘What?! Why didn’t you tell me Cocidius, I still have to buy stuff for you and I.’ Cocidius’ laughter stopped, ‘What do you mean more stuff?’

‘You'll see come on.’
Harry entered the upscale beauty shop usually used by Purebloods. “Welcome to our shop….O Lord Gryffindor! What a pleasure to see you in our shop! I imagine you are getting ready for the Malfoy Yule Ball.”

Harry's smile was slightly strained, “of course, I have been busy as of late. Getting the manor into shape and sorting out family business.” The elderly woman with her face caked with some powder-like substance, nodded seeming to understand him. He was surprised she ignored Cocidius maybe she just wanted to pretend there wasn't a potential man eater in her shop. “I have some youth potion, but I don't think you'll need that any time soon. I have some…..”

Harry stopped her before she could go on any longer, “do you have any nail polish or cosmetics?”

“What?”

Harry’s world went still, he completely forgot it took a while for the Britain wizarding world to even acquire some of these things. Usually the leaps in cosmetics were found in the States because they were not involved with two dark lords in a row. “I'm sorry. They were something I grew used to having on my travels. I need a few things then; I need the blush cream, the sparkling cream, the hair removal cream, and the ultra-styling gel.”

He saw as her confusion turn into absolute glee since these were some of the pricier products. “Thank you for your business Lord Gryffindor. I'm sure you'll be the talk of the ball with our products.”

Harry soon went to the apothecary and bought a few things to make the rest of the things he needed.

Cocidius watched as his human brewed upon the open fires, and made sure each concoction didn't explode. He then cackled as he put them into separate containers. And Cocidius wondered just how sane his human was to begin with.

‘What did you make?’

‘It's a surprise for tomorrow.’

At midday he ordered Endis and the other elves to seize Cocidius and wash him thoroughly. They knew by now that the rep-telly was kind and stubbornly obliging when it came to Harry's wishes. Harry made sure the small stubble that had been growing was now gone and the rest of him was as smooth. His wild hair was styled to stay out of his face, and show his bright green eyes. He applied a slight line of gold around his eyes and applied a small amount of blush to his high cheekbones. His lips were slightly redder with the other cosmetics he made, and his nails were a dark emerald with sparkles on them.

Cocidius came into the room disgruntled and ready to complain and did not expect Harry to close the door behind him and spell the room so he couldn't escape. ‘Whatever you are planning to do, don't.’

‘O Cocidius it's nothing bad.’

Cocidius found himself with his bejeweled collar, a sparkling green on his nails, and his skin glimmering when the light hit it. ‘You look handsome Cocidius!’

Cocidius was indignant and didn't like basically being adorned like a giant scaly doll. “Let me just put my suit and coat on and we’ll be ready to go.”
The mirror he had for Griphook to contact him started to glow in and when Harry came back he answered it. “Lord Gryffindor can you appear to land number eleven, a goblin needs to meet you there in order for you to be locked into the wards.”

He held onto the end of Cocidius tail and apperated, ‘wait here I'll be back quickly.’

The process went by fairly quickly and professionally although, one of the goblins stared at him longer than usual until he was hit by one of his counterparts. He was walking back he was pinned to one of the new buildings that was now upon the land to house werewolves. “What's a pretty wizard like you doing out here?”

“Unhand me.”

Harry erected a protection shield shoving the man who assaulted him behind him. “Cocidius down. I'm sure this man wasn't aware of who he was attacking.”

The shield lowered but Cocidius was still hissing and growling ready to attack the burly man now in front of them. “And who just might it be that I attacked?”

“Lord Hadrian Evans Gryffindor.” The man's eyes widened, “I apologize. I am Fenrir Greyback, if I would have known.”

Harry nodded, “even if I wasn't the owner of these lands, it would be in your best intentions to not attack every wizard you meet. They might hate what you are, but don't let them be proven right by your actions, Fenrir.”

And with that the lord disappeared with his crocodile in tow, leaving behind more than just one person in disbelief.
Chapter End Notes

Before you ask me why would Harry wear makeup. I ask you, "why not?" But it actually has a purpose, it makes it seem like he cares a lot about how he looks, Harry is trolling hard. Cocidius is wearing matching nail polish and I'm dead. Let's play a guessing game (this is just for fun): which person(s) is Harry going to dance with at the Malfoy Yule Ball?
ANNOUNCEMENT!!! NOT AN UPDATE!

Chapter Summary

This isn't bad news, it's actually pretty good news.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

THERE WILL BE A HOLD ON UPDATES!

I AM GOING TO GO BACK AND EDIT CHAPTERS! MAKE THEM LENGTHIER AND BETTER!

Perhaps this might be not what you wanted to read. But it is really important for me to start editing these chapters before I get any farther! I will not be leaving this story; I love Cocidius way too much! I hope you guys understand my decision, some of these chapters you can probably tell were written in a very short period of time, usually when my inspiration hits. When I update the next chapter this message will disappear and all the edits will be done.

I am doing this because I’m through with finals and I need to take my mind off that horrible school year.

ANOTHER MESSAGE: I AM LOOKING FOR A BETA READER!

Not too sure how the whole Beta reader thing works, because I have never had one. If you want to be part of this story, I do not expect you to make this a priority. But I do expect you to remain confidential about anything you read, I like my surprises being surprises. If you wish to talk to me about being a beta reader and are really good at grammar (my weakness), and are open to giving me ideas or letting me bounce ideas off you, I welcome you with open arms. Message me on my tumblr account: https://intern15-at-nightvale.tumblr.com/

This position does not come with pay lol. I am broke. But you do get to read chapters before anyone else. And maybe be my new best friend. Thanks.

EDIT: THIS POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED! THANK YOU!

(Means a lot to me to know that people care. Thanks)

Sincerely,

Intern15_NightVale

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!